78a27

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS

Tranſlated into

BLANK VERSE.

K Virgilius Maro (P.)

By NICOLAS BRADY, D. D.
Rector of *Clapham*, and Miniſter of *Richmond* in *Surry*.

O! may I live to ſee that glorious Day,
And ſing loud Pæans *through the crowded Way;*
When in Triumphant *State, the* Britiſh Muſe,
True to Herſelf, *ſhall* Barb'rous *Aid refuſe;*
And in that Roman *Majeſty appear,*
Which none knows better, and none comes ſo near.
Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT betwixt the two *Temple* Gates in *Fleetſtreet*. 1716.

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BOOK the FIRST.

ARMS, and the Heroe, who from ruin'd *Troy*,
Chief of her wand'ring Sons, by Fate's Decree,
Sail'd to *Lavinum* on th' *Italian* Shore,
I sing: Much was he toss'd by Land and Sea,
Long struggled with Celestial Pow'rs, incens'd
By *Juno*, mindful of her antient Wrongs:

Much too by War he ſuffer'd, whilſt he ſtrove
To build *Lavinium*, and with pious Zeal
To fix his *Trojan* Gods in *Latian* Shrines:
Hence ſprung the *Latin* Race, the *Alban* Fathers,
And hence the lofty Walls of Empreſs *Rome*.

But ſay, my Muſe, what God could he offend,
Renown'd for Piety? Or what could urge
The angry Queen of Heav'n, to make him ſhare
Such various Hazards and perplexing Toils?
Are Heav'nly Minds by boundleſs Paſſion ſway'd?

Againſt th' *Italian* Coaſt, and *Tyber*'s Mouth,
But diſtant far from both, *Carthage* the Old
Rear'd her proud Head, a Colony from *Tyre*,
Profuſely Rich, and roughly bent on War;
Beyond her other Seats by *Juno* lov'd,
And ev'n preferr'd to *Samos*; here ſhe kept
Her various Equipage for War and Peace:

This Place ſhe cheriſh'd, and deſign'd to make
(If Fate forbid not) Miſtreſs of the World.

But ſtrange Reports had reach'd her jealous Ear,
That late Deſcendants of the *Trojan* Race
Shou'd level with the Ground the *Tyrian* Tow'rs;
That from this Stock a Nation ſhould proceed,
Wide in Dominions, and made great by War,
To *Lybia*'s Ruin; and that this was Fate.

This rais'd her Fears: Nor was the War forgot,
Which for her darling *Greece* ſhe wag'd with *Troy*:
The antient Cauſes of her Rage and Grief
She ſtill retain'd; deep in her Breaſt was fix'd
Thy Judgment, *Paris*; and Reſentments high
For Beauty ſlighted; deep the hated Race,
And Honours of the raviſh'd *Phrygian* Boy:
Incens'd by theſe Reflections, far ſhe drove
From *Latian* Ports the poor Remains of *Troy*,
That 'ſcap'd the conq'ring *Greeks*, and bloody Sword

Of fierce *Achilles*: Sundry Years they rov'd
Through various Seas, purſu'd by angry Fate.
" Such vaſt Expence of Time and Pains it coſt,
" To lay Foundations for the *Roman* Greatneſs.

Scarce had the chearful *Trojans* ſpread their Sails
Had ſcarce loſt ſight of the *Sicilian* Shore,
Plowing with brazen Beaks the foaming Waves;
When *Juno* foſt'ring in her Breaſt Revenge
Implacable, thus in her Mind revolv'd.
" Shall I be baffled, and unfiniſh'd leave
" My grand Deſign? Unable to keep back
" The *Trojan* Prince from *Latium*'s deſtin'd Harbou
" Becauſe the Fates oppoſe? Could *Pallas* burn
" The *Grecian* Fleet, and drown the num'rous Freigh
" Doom'd all to die for the looſe Rage of One!
" She threw *Jove*'s Thunder thro' the yieldi
Clouds,
" Diſpers'd the Ships, and rais'd a boiſt'rous Storm
" *Ajax* th' Offender, breathing ſulph'rous Flames,

" Pierc

" Pierc'd with the dreadful Bolt, a Whirlwind bore
" Aloft, and fix'd him on a pointed Rock:
" But I, the Queen of Heav'n, who there take Place
" Both as the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*,
" Am forc'd with one poor Nation to maintain
" For ſev'ral Years a War: And can I then
" Expect to be ador'd? Or hope to ſee
" My Altars crown'd? Or Victims brought, or
Pray'rs?

Fir'd with ſuch Thoughts, in haſte the Goddeſs (ſeeks
The ſtormy Iſland, big with furious Blaſts,
Æolia call'd, from *Æolus*, who there
In a vaſt Cave, with abſolute Command,
Controuls the ſtruggling Winds and noiſy Storms,
Chain'd and impriſon'd; they reluctant growle
With hollow Murmur round the rocky Caverns;
He ſits above, and with his Scepter'd Hand
Softens their Minds, and mod'rates their wild Rage.
Should he withdraw his Care, we might expect

To ſee the Earth, the Sea, the Heav'nly Orbs,
Torn by their Force, and bandy'd thro' the Air:
This to prevent, wiſely the Almighty Sire
Has cloſe confin'd them in their gloomy Caves,
With Heaps of Earth and Mountains thrown upon them;
And gave a King, who ſhould as he thought fit
Their Fury guide, and ſtrain or ſlack the Rein.
To whom thus *Juno* as a Suppliant ſues.
" O *Æolus*, to whom the Sire of Gods,
" And Mankind's awful King, has giv'n full Pow'r
" Of calming Tempeſts and of raiſing Storms;
" An odious Race now plows the *Tuſcan* Sea,
" Tranſporting *Ilium* and her conquer'd Gods
" To *Italy*. Inſpire the Winds with Rage,
" O'erwhelm the Fleet, or ſcatter wide the Veſſels,
" And leave their Bodies floating on the Main.
" Do this, and She, the Faireſt of Fourteen
" My Fav'rite Nymphs, (tho' wondrous Fair the reſt
" Bright *Deiopeia* ſhall be only thine;
" Thine

" Thine by the Sacred Tye; to ſpend with Thee
" Succeſſive happy Years, thy juſt Reward,
" And with a beauteous Off-ſpring crown your Loves.

Thus *Æolus* replies; " Great Queen of Gods,
" When you vouchſafe to ſpeak your dread Commands,
" Obedience is my Duty; ſince to you
" I owe this Pow'r, this Scepter, and *Jove's* Favour:
" Thro' you, my Royal Patroneſs, I taſte
" Celeſtial Feaſts, and rule the Show'rs and Storms.

This ſaid, he turn'd his Spear, and ſtruck the Rock,
Whoſe Marble Side receiv'd a hideous Gaſh,
At which the Winds ruſh'd in a Body forth,
And hurl'd the Duſt o'er all the neighb'ring Plain:
Then preſs'd with heavy Wings the Deep; together
The *Eaſtern*, *Southern*, and the *Weſtern* Blaſts
Full fraught with Rain and Storms, turn'd up the Deep,

Diſclos'd its dark Foundations, ſwell'd the Waves,
And daſh'd vaſt foaming Billows on the Shore.
The Sailors raiſe loud Cries, the Rigging cracks,
Black Clouds eclipſe the Sky, and that and Day
Are ſnatch'd from *Trojan* Eyes; o'er all the Main
Night ſpreads her ſable Wings, loud Thunder roars,
Whilſt nimble Light'ning flaſhes thro' the Air:
All Nature ſeems to threaten inſtant Death.

Th' apparent Danger ſeiz'd the *Trojan* Prince
With cold Deſpair: Sighs rend his manly Breaſt,
He joins his Hands, and lifts them tow'rds the Sky,
Then thus complains: "Thrice happy they, who fell
"Near *Troy*'s proud Walls within their Parents view.
"And thou, the Braveſt of the *Grecian* Race,
"Great Son of *Tydeus*, why did I eſcape
"Thy threat'ning Arm, which in the Fields of *Ilium*
"Had put a glorious Period to my Life!
"Where *Hector* breathleſs lies, ſlain by the Spear
"Of ſtern *Achilles*; where the Great *Sarpedon!*

"Whilſt

" Whilſt down the Current of the neighb'ring Stream,
" Helmets, and Shields, and ſlaughter'd Warriors roll'd.

While thus He mourn'd, a ruſtling *Northern* Storm
Directly croſs, ſhatters his Sails, and throws
The Billows up to Heav'n; the Oars are broke;
The Prow turns round, and leaves th'unguarded Side
Bare to the Waves; the Sea comes roaring on,
And like a watry Mountain overlooks him.

Some on the Topmoſt Billows ride, and ſome
Through gaping Waves diſcern the ſolid Bottom,
And Sand thrown upwards by their boiſt'rous Rage.
Three Ships a *Southern* Wind daſh'd on the Rocks,
Unſeen before, (*Italians* call them Altars,)
That rais'd their monſt'rous Backs above the Main.
Three more an *Eaſtern* Storm, (a dreadful ſight)
Drave from the foaming Deep on Sands and Shallows,
Where in Low Water they ſtuck faſt a-ground.

One

One Ship that bore the *Lycians* and *Orontes*,
Firm to his Truſt, was in the Prince's View
From Stem to Stern drench'd by a ſwelling Wave:
Headlong the Captain fell, thrice round ſhe turn'd
Her ſcatter'd Hulk, then in a Whirlpool ſunk:
Some few appear within the monſt'rous Gulph,
That ſwam for Life; whilſt all around them Weapons,
And Planks, and *Trojan* Treaſure ſtrow'd the Sea.

And now *Ilioneus*'s ſtrong built Barque,
With that of ſtout *Achates*, and the Ship
Which carry'd *Abas* and the old *Alethes*,
No longer could reſiſt the Tempeſt's Rage;
But forc'd to entertain their Watry Foe,
With looſen'd Joints and leaky Sides they founder.

Mean while the Ocean's God perceiv'd below
His Watry Realm diſturb'd with boiſt'rous Storms,
And felt th'invading Tempeſt, which diſclos'd

His

His deepeſt Springs, and left their Channels dry:
Highly incens'd, he views the troubled Main,
And rears his peaceful Head above the Waves:
There he the ſhatter'd *Trojan* Fleet beholds,
Diſpers'd o're all the Sea, and roughly treated
By raging Billows and by thund'ring Skies:
Full well he knew his Siſter *Juno*'s Malice,
And fathom'd her Deſigns: In haſte he calls
Eurus and *Zephyr*, and accoſts them thus:
" What? Has the Pride of your Gigantick Race
" Inſpir'd you with ſuch Boldneſs, that you dare,
" Unauthoriz'd by me, ſwell up the Sea
" To Wat'ry Hills, and mingle Earth with Heav'n?
" Whom I——But hold, 'tis fitter now to calm
" The Sea's outragious Motion rais'd by You;
" If in this Kind you dare tranſgreſs again,
" Your next Offence ſhall meet a rougher Treatment.
" Make haſte, be gone, and tell your King from me,
" The Sea's Dominion, and this awful Trident,
" Are Mine not His, Mine by deciſive Lot:

" Vaſt

" Vaſt barren Rocks he rules, your Dungeons, *Eurus*;
" Thoſe form his Palace, let him Lord it there,
" And o're the Winds, your Fellow Pris'ners, reign.

He ſpake, and ſtrait the high-ſwoln Sea grew ſmooth,
The gather'd Clouds diſpers'd, the Sun broke forth;
Whilſt *Triton* and *Cymothoe* heave off
The Ships from pointed Rocks on which they ſtuck;
Neptune himſelf aſſiſts them with his Trident,
Diſcloſes frightful Quickſands, calms the Deep,
And lightly driving o're the Surface glides.
And as, when num'rous Crowds in Riot meet,
As oft it fares, and the baſe Vulgar rave
With bruti ſh Rage, ſtrait Fire-brands fly and Stones,
Whilſt heedleſs Fury all things turns to Weapons:
If then they chance ſome worthy Man to ſpy,
Whoſe Age and Merit doubly claim Reſpect,
All ſilent ſtand, and with attentive Ears
Take in his wholſome Lectures, by whoſe Charms

He rules their Minds, and ſoothis their ſoft'ned Breaſts:
So was the Seas tumultuous Rage appeas'd,
As ſoon as *Neptune* with auſpicious Eyes
Survey'd the Ocean; through the brighten'd Air
He guides his Steeds, and flies with ſlacken'd Reins.

And now the *Trojans* tir'd, attempt to make
The neareſt Port, and ſteer to *Lybia*'s Shore;
A deep Receſs there is, in which an Iſle
With out-ſtretch'd Sides forms a commodious Har-(bour:
By theſe the Sea is broke, and daſhing Waves
Divided fall, and run in winding Creeks;
Vaſt Rocks on both Sides ſtand, but chiefly Two
That ſeem to threat the Skies; the Sea beneath,
Shelter'd by Them, is always ſafe and ſtill;
A *Sylvan* Scene above of waving Trees,
And a dark Grove with awful Shade hangs over;
Againſt it lies a Cave arch'd o'er with Rocks,
Whoſe Boſom yields freſh Water, furniſh'd round

With

With nat'ral Seats of Stone, ſome Nymph's Apart-
No twiſted Cable here, no Anchor needs (ment:
With crooked Tooth to hold the ſhatter'd Veſſels.

Hither *Æneas* plies, and with him brings
Sev'n tatter'd Ships of all his num'rous Fleet:
Forth leap the eager *Trojans*, fond of Land,
And longing to enjoy the wiſh'd-for Shore:
While on the Sand their Sea-drench'd Limbs they ſtretch.
Firſt from a Flint *Achates* forc'd a Spark,
And caught it in dry Leaves, then fed the Fire,
And with freſh Fuel rais'd it to a Flame:
The reſt, tho' much fatigu'd, to Shore do bring
Their damag'd Corn, and baking Utenſils,
To grind the Grain, and parch the new-made Cakes.

Æneas climbs the Rock, and takes from thence
His Proſpect Seawards, hoping to deſcry
Capys, or *Antheus*, with the *Phrygian* Gallies,

Or the known Enſigns which *Caïcus* bore.
No Sail appears; but looking round he ſpies
Three full-grown Stags, that wander'd on the Shore,
The whole Herd follow'd, and a num'rous Train
Did o'er the ſpacious Vallies freely graze.
He makes a Stand, and takes his Bow and Arrows,
Born by *Achates*, his Illuſtrious Friend:
And firſt he fells the Leaders, whoſe high Heads
Were branch'd like Trees; then ſhoots amongſt the Herd
Promiſcuouſly, and drives them to their Covert:
Nor left he off, till Sev'n of mighty bulk,
Cov'ring the Ground, equall'd his Ships in number:
Thence to the Port he goes, and ſhares his Prey
Amongſt his faithful Mates; diſtributes Wine,
Which kind *Aceſtes* ſent on board in Casks,
As late they ſail'd from the *Trinacrian* Shore,
And gave his parting Gueſts a noble Preſent;
Then he beſpeaks them thus, and ſooths their Griefs.

" Companions, Friends, inur'd to greater Hard(ships
" (For we much greater have already born,)
" The Gods will also put an end to these.
" You *Scylla*'s Rage, and loud resounding Rocks,
" Have pass'd undaunted, and the *Cyclops* Den;
" Rowze up your drooping Spirits; banish Fear;
" Perhaps the Thoughts of what we suffer now
" May give us Joy hereafter: Thro' these Hazards
" These various Dangers, we to *Latium* press,
" The Place of safe Repose, which Fate appoints us
" There *Troy* again shall flourish: Still hold out,
" And know you're yet reserv'd for better Times.
Thus spoke the Prince, tho' rack'd with inwar(d
Cares;
And with gay Looks disguis'd his deep Concern.
They on the sav'ry Prey prepare to feast;
Some flay the Skins, some lay the Inwards bare;
Large fleshy *Collops* others cut, and fix
Yet warm upon the Spits; some chuse to boil them

In Brazen Pots, ſupply'd with conſtant Fire.
Refreſh'd with Eating, on the Graſs they lie,
Full freighted with fat Ven'ſon, and old Wine.

The Feaſt now finiſh'd, and their Hunger laid,
Their whole Diſcourſe runs on their loſt Companions;
'Twixt Hope and Fear divided, ſcarce they know
What Thoughts to cheriſh; whether yet alive,
Or whether dead, and deaf to all their calling.
Chiefly their pious Prince, th'unhappy Fate
Of *Amycus*, and bold *Orontes*, mourns
With inward Sighs; the diſmal Fortune next
Of *Lycus*, *Gyas*, and the Brave *Cloanthus*.

Now all was o'er; when *Jove* from higheſt Heav'n
Survey'd the Sea, with ſwelling Sails o'erſpread,
The Earth beneath, the Shores, and various Nations.
Thus on the upmoſt Arch of Heaven he ſtood;
Then fixt his careful Eyes on *Lybia*'s Realm:

To whom, employ'd in Thoughts of ſuch Importance,
Venus, her beauteous Eyes quite drown'd in Tears,
Thus with an Air of ſolemn Sorrow ſpake.

" O Thou, who govern'ſt by eternal Laws,
" And with thy Thunder aw'ſt both Gods and Men,
" Of what ſad Crime is my *Æneas* guilty?
" Of what his *Trojans*? that they're thus oppreſs'd
" With conſtant Troubles, and for *Latium*'s ſake
" From all the World are baniſh'd and ſhut out?
" For certain, once you promis'd, that from Theſe
" From *Teucer*'s Race reviv'd, in Times to come,
" The *Roman* Name ſhould riſe, and Leaders ſpring
" With awful Sway to rule both Sea and Land.
" How, mighty Sire, how comes your Counſel
chang'd?
" 'Twas this ſuſtain'd me under *Troy*'s Deſtruction
" And made her Ruin eaſy, whilſt I us'd
" Diff'ring Events to balance with each other:
" But ſtill, I ſee, the ſame diſaſtrous Fate

" Pur

" Purſues theſe Wretches, tir'd with former Hardſhips.
" O when, Great Sir, when ſhall their Labour end?
" *Antenor* from the midſt of *Grecian* Troops
" Could 'ſcape, and penetrate th'*Illyrian* Bay:
" Safely he paſs'd *Liburnia*, and the Spring
" Of ſwift *Timavus*, whoſe Nine Mouths diſgorge
" A broken Sea, and ſpread the noiſy Torrent
" O'er all the Fields, whilſt loud the Mountain roars.
" Yet here he *Padua* built, and ſettled here
" A num'rous Colony, the Country nam'd,
" And fix'd the *Trojan* Enſigns: Now in Peace
" The Fruit of all his former Toils he reaps.
" But we, your Off-ſpring, and deſign'd for Heav'n,
" Have loſt (O Grief!) our Fleet, and wander far
" From *Latian* Ports, to glut the Rage of One.
" Is this the due Regard ſuch Vertue claims?
" And is it thus you found our promis'd Empire?

On her the awful Sire of Gods and Men
Darts forth a tender Smile; and with ſuch Looks,

As calm rough Storms, and make the Air ſerene,
Salutes his Daughter, and returns this Anſwer:
" Bright Goddeſs of *Cythæra*, baniſh Fear;
" Th' expected Fate of your Illuſtrious Race
" Immutably is fix'd; You yet ſhall ſee
" *Lavinium* built, the Seat of promis'd Empire:
" Your Son, a Heroe now, ſhall in due time
" Be made a God: Nor is my Counſel chang'd.
" For He (I tell you this, becauſe I ſee
" Your deep Concern, which makes me thus unfold
" And lay the dark Decrees of Fate before you:)
" Shall wage fierce Wars in *Italy*, ſubdue
" The warlike barb'rous Nations, build them Cities
" And curb their Savage Manners with wiſe Laws
" The bold *Rutulians*, quell'd in ſubject *Latium*
" Three Summers and three Winters ſhall he rule.
" His Son *Aſcanius*, now ſirnam'd *Iulus*,
" (His Name was *Ilus* late whilſt *Ilium* ſtood)
" Shall reign, till Thirty Years compleat their Cours
" By rolling Months; transfer th' Imperial Seat,
" Leaving

" Leaving *Lavinium*; and with vaſt Expence
" Adorn and ſtrengthen *Alba*, call'd the Long.
" Here, full three Hundred Years, the *Trojan* Race
" Shall ſway the Regal Scepter, till a Veſtal
" Sprung from the Blood of Kings, and *Ilia* nam'd,
" Impregnated by *Mars*, brings forth Twin-Brothers:
" Then *Romulus* the Elder, proud to wear
" His Nurſe the She Wolf's Skin, ſhall take the Reins
" Of Government, ſhall build the Martial City,
" And give the Name of *Romans* from his own.
" To theſe I ſet no Bounds of Place or Time;
" Unlimited and endleſs be their Empire!
" Ev'n angry *Juno*, whoſe Impatience fills
" The Sea, and Earth, and Heav'n it ſelf with Fear,
" Shall wiſely change her Mind, and with me cheriſh
" *Rome* the World's Empreſs, and her long-rob'd Sons.
" This is my firm Decree. The Time ſhall come,
" When Captive *Phthia*, and the fam'd *Mycenæ*
" Shall ſerve *Aſſaracus*'s conqu'ring Race,
" And vanquiſh'd *Argos* own their wide Dominion.

" From this Illuſtrious Houſe ſhall *Cæſar* ſpring,
" By Blood a *Trojan*; whoſe wide Sway the Ocean
" Shall only bound, and only Heav'n his Fame.
" His Name, from great *Iulus*, handed down,
" *Julius*; whom you, loaded with *Eaſtern* Spoils,
" Shall meet at length in Heav'n: where He, a God,
" Shall hear and grant the Pray'rs of ſuppliant *Rome*:
" Then ſhall the peaceful Ages ſmoothly glide,
" Rough War ſhall ceaſe; and old Fidelity,
" *Veſta*, *Quirinus*, and his Brother *Remus*,
" With wholſome Laws ſhall jointly rule the State.
" The dreadful Gates of *Janus* ſhall be clos'd
" With Bolts of Iron, and ſtrongeſt Chains of Braſs;
" Whilſt helliſh Fury ſits within on heaps
" Of uſeleſs Arms; a Hundred brazen Knots
" Faſten his Hands behind; in vain he rages
" With horrid Roar, and grinds his bloody Teeth.

He ſpake, and *Maja*'s Son ſent down from Heav'n,
To move the *Tyrians* in their late built Town,

Kindly

Kindly to treat the *Trojans*, their new Gueſts:
Leſt *Dido*, Stranger to the Fate's Decrees,
Should drive them from her Borders. Down he flies,
Sailing in liquid Air, his Wings his Oars;
And ſoon arriv'd at *Libya*; there fulfills
Jove's dread Commands: The *Carthaginians* loſe
Their rugged Temper, as the God directs them:
Chiefly the Queen conceives a kind Eſteem
And friendly Diſpoſition tow'rds the *Trojans*.

Mean time the good *Æneas*, rack'd with Cares
All Night, by Day-break riſes; and reſolves
To view the Country round, to learn what Coaſt
The Winds aſſign'd them, how inhabited
By Men or Beaſts; for all was waſt and wild;
And then impart that Knowledge to his Friends.
But firſt his Fleet conveniently he hides,
Beneath a hanging Grove, and hollow Rocks,
Where circling Trees diffuſe an awful Shade.
Then goes, attended only by *Achates*,

And graſps two Spears well arm'd with Heads of Steel.
Thus marching thro' a Wood, his Mother meets him,
Reſembling in her Face, her Dreſs, and Arms,
A *Spartan* Virgin; ſuch ſhe ſeem'd, as when
Thracian Harpalice, with Whip and Spur,
Strives to outſtrip ſwift *Hebrus* in her Race.
For Huntreſs-like, upon her Shoulders hung
Her pliant Bow; her Hair was looſely flowing,
And wanton'd in the Wind; her Knees were bare,
And her long Robe ty'd in a Knot behind her.
And thus ſhe firſt accoſts them: "Tell me, Friends
"Have any of my Siſters croſs'd your Way,
"As through the Woods they rang'd? with Quiver
arm'd,
"Their Garments made of Skins of ſpotted Linxes,
"And chaſing with loud Cries the foaming Boar?
Thus *Venus* ſpake; and thus her Son replies:
"None of your Siſters have I heard or ſeen,
"O Virgin! (if 'tis lawful ſo to ſtile you,)
"(For more than mortal are your Face and Voice,)

" O Goddeſs rather! whether *Sol*'s bright Siſter,
" Or of the Wood-Nymphs one! Propitious prove,
" And grant our juſt Petition: Tell us where,
" Beneath what Climate, in what Land we wander;
" For here we neither Place nor Perſon know,
" Driv'n hither by rough Winds and ſwelling Waves,
" And with freſh Victims we'll your Altars crown.
To whom, " I'm far unworthy of ſuch Honour,
Venus replies; " But 'tis the Cuſtom here
" For *Tyrian* Virgins thus to bear a Quiver,
" And wear a Purple Buskin on their Leg.
" You ſee the Punick State, a *Tyrian* Colony,
" And Great *Agenor*'s Town, in *Libya*'s Bounds,
" A Nation fierce, and long enur'd to War.
" Here *Dido*, fled from *Tyre* to ſhun her Brother,
" In *Carthage* reigns: The Story of her Wrongs,
" With all its Changes, is too long to tell;
" But briefly I'll relate what's moſt material.
" *Sichæus* the *Phænician* was her Spouſe,
" Rich to exceſs, and dearly lov'd by her:

" To

" To him her Father gave her, yet a Maid,
" And fix'd with Nuptial Bands her Virgin Love;
" *Pygmalion* then the *Tyrian* Scepter ſway'd,
" Her Brother, monſtrous for uncommon Crimes:
" A Quarrel roſe betwixt them; at the Altar,
" The ſacrilegious Tyrant, blindly fond
" Of his vaſt Treaſure, ſtabb'd th'unwary Victim,
" Regardleſs of the Love his Siſter bore him:
" Long he conceal'd the Fact; deluding ſtill
" With well-fram'd Tales th'unwary tender Wife;
" And feeds her fruitleſs Hopes. At laſt the Ghoſt
" Of her unburied Spouſe by Night appear'd;
" His Face moſt ſtrangely pale: There he unveils
" The bloody Altar; ſhews his Breaſt pierc'd thro',
" And tells her Brother's dreadful hidden Crime:
" Then bids her fly for Life, and leave her Country.
" T' aſſiſt her in her Flight, he then reveals
" His long-hid Treaſure, Heaps of Gold and Silver.
" *Dido* thus warn'd prepar'd to fly, and choſe
" Companions for her Flight: Together meet

" All

" All ſuch as bore the cruel Tyrant Hatred,
" Or fear'd his fatal Rage: Some Ships they ſeize,
" Rigg'd out for Service, theſe they lade with Gold;
" The Sea now bears the greedy Tyrant's Wealth;
" And this great Work was owing to a Woman.
" Hither at length they came, where now you ſee
" Vaſt Walls and riſing Tow'rs of new built *Carthage*;
" A Spot of Ground they bought, and *Byrſa* call'd;
" (Th' Occaſion gave the Name,) Its whole Extent
" No more than one Bull's Hide could compaſs round.
" But pray inform me who you are, from whence,
" And whither going?" Thus to her Demand,
With Sighs and Words that from his Heart ſeem'd forc'd,
Æneas anſwer'd: " O of Race Divine!
" Should I from their Original relate,
" And you vouchſafe to hear, the tedious Annals
" Of our paſt Labours; ſooner would the Day
" Shut in, and Ev'ning-Darkneſs cloud the Sky.
" We, having ſail'd through many various Seas,

" From

" From antient *Troy*, (if e'er the Name of *Troy*
" By chance has reach'd your Ears,) are forc'd by
Storms
" On *Lybia*'s Coaſt. *Æneas* is my Name,
" Who ſnatching from the Foe my *Trojan* Gods,
" A venerable Freight, am call'd the Pious,
" And gain'd immortal Fame. *Latium* I ſeek,
" My Country, and my Kindred ſprung from *Jove*
" With twice Ten Ships I left the *Phrygian* Shore,
" Follow'd my deſtin'd Fate, and ſteer'd the Cour
" My Goddeſs-Mother ſhew'd me: Now but Sev'n
" Shatter'd by Storms, of all my Fleet are left me:
" Unknown, unfriended, here I'm forc'd to wande
" Through *Lybian* Deſarts; and ſhut out at once
" From *Europe* and from *Aſia*.—Strait the Goddeſs
Stops his Complaints, and in his mournful Tale
Thus interrupts him—" Whoſoe'er you are,
" The Care of Heav'nly Pow'rs (I ſee) attends you
" That ſafe you came to *Carthage*: Now go on,
" And reach the Royal Palace; there you'll find
" (Obſerv

" (Obſerve what I foretel) your Fleet and Friends,
" Wafted by fav'ring Gales, ſecurely harbour'd;
" Or my miſtaken Parents taught me wrong
" The *Augur*'s Art: Twelve ſportive Swans behold,
" All in a Flock, chas'd by the Bird of *Jove*,
" Which from the Clouds deſcends, thro' open Air;
" And now they ſeem to chuſe ſome Place to light,
" Or nearly view ſome Place already choſen:
" As theſe return'd in Safety clap their Wings,
" And in large Circles fly, and ſing for Joy;
" Ev'n ſo your Veſſels, and your Youth aboard,
" Or ſafe at Anchor lie, or with full Sails
" Are ent'ring now the Harbour: Go but forwards,
" And as this Tract directs you, bend your Courſe.
She ſpoke; and as ſhe turn'd, her roſy Neck
With dazling Luſtre ſhone; her flowing Locks,
Ambroſial, ſhed Celeſtial Odours round;
Her loos'ned Robes, down falling, hid her Feet;
And her Majeſtick Mien confeſs'd the Goddeſs.
When by theſe Signs the Prince his Mother knew,

Thus,

Thus, as ſhe fled, he with his Voice purſues her:
" Cruel! And muſt your Son by borrow'd Shapes
" Be ſtill deluded! Muſt we never join
" Our friendly Hands, or undiſguis'd Converſe!
Complaining thus, towr'ds the New Town he walks:
And as they went, *Venus* ſurrounds them both
With Air condens'd, and in thick Clouds conceals;
Leſt any Eye ſhould ſee, or Perſon touch them,
Or ſtop their Way, or ask their Bus'neſs there.
To *Paphos* then ſhe flies, and gladly viſits
Her fav'rite Palace; there her Temple ſtands,
Where Hund'red Altars burn *Sabæan* Gums,
Deck'd with rich Garlands that perfume the Air.

Mean while the beaten Road our Trav'lers gain,
To which the Path directs; and now they climb
A lofty Hill that o'er the City hangs,
And from above ſurveys its higheſt Turrets.
The Prince with Wonder views the ſtately Piles,

(Mean

Mean Cottages e're while) admires the Gates,
And noiſy Crowds that fill the ſpacious Streets.

Th' induſtrious *Tyrians* ply their Work; (ſome while
Mark out the Walls, model the lofty Tow'rs,
And roll vaſt Stones to rear them; others chooſe
A Spot to build, and with a Trench ſurround it.
Some raiſe the Seats of Juſtice, to receive
Th' elected Magiſtrates, and ſacred Senate:
Some Harbours dig; ſome deep Foundations lay
For riſing Theatres; ſome from Marble Rocks
Vaſt Pillars cut, to grace the future Scenes.

So in a Summer's Prime, the lab'ring Bees
Range o'er the flow'ry Meads, the Sun juſt riſen,
And teach their elder Brood to work and fly;
Or thicken with freſh Sweets the thinner Honey,
And with ſweet Nectar fill their curious Cells;
Or eaſe their loaded Partners; or in Troops
Attack dull Drones, and drive them from their Hives.

Howe'er

How'e'er employ'd, the Work goes warmly on,
Whilſt of ſweet Thyme their fragrant Honey ſmells

The Prince the lofty Buildings views, and cries,
Thrice happy they whoſe Walls are riſing now!
Then (ſtrange to tell!) clad in his miſty Garment,
He paſſes on through gather'd Crowds unſeen.

Juſt in the City's Centre ſtood a Grove
With Shade delightful; there the *Tyrians* firſt,
Wafted to Shore by Waves, and driv'n by Winds,
Dug up the Sign Imperial *Juno* gave,
A warlike Horſe's Head; the lucky Omen
In Peace, of Plenty; of Succeſs in War.
Here, a large Temple to Heav'ns awful Queen
Sidonian Dido built, enrich'd with Off'rings,
And for the Preſence of the Goddeſs fam'd:
Its Steps and Threſholds Braſs, the Poſts were bound
With brazen Plates, the Gates of clattering Braſs.
Within this ſacred Grove, *Æneas* firſt

By

By ſome new Objects found his Fears decreaſe;
Firſt ſpy'd a Ray of dawning Hope, preſaging
Some better Turn in his diſtreſs'd Affairs.
For whilſt the inward Dome he views with care,
Waiting the Queen's Arrival; whilſt he weighs
The City's happy State, and much admires
The ſev'ral Artiſts, and their various Works;
Surpriz'd he ſees the *Trojan* War deſcrib'd,
Now known to Fame; in Order rank'd he views
Atrides, *Priam*, and the ſtern *Achilles*
Averſe to both: Then ſtops, and weeping ſays,
"What Place, my Friend, what Region of the World
"Records not our Misfortunes? See King *Priam*!
"Ev'n here his Virtue finds its juſt Regard;
"Meets with Compaſſion, and affects Mens Minds
"With Thoughts of worldly Grandeur's ſlipp'ry
"State.
"Diſmiſs your Fears; ſince Fame has made us known,
"That Knowledge will produce our future Safety.
This ſaid, he feeds his Thoughts with empty Forms,

Venting deep Sighs, and ſhedding Streams of Tears.
For there he ſaw, how round the Walls of *Troy*
The *Trojan* Youth purſu'd the flying *Greeks*;
How in another Place the *Phrygians* fled,
Whilſt fierce *Achilles* in his Chariot drives them.
Not far from hence the ſhining Tents of *Rheſus*,
By their white Cov'ring known, with Tears he views;
Where by Surprize the warlike Son of *Tydeus*
Found all aſleep, and making dreadful Rout,
Turn'd back the fiery Steeds, before they taſted
The Graſs of *Troy*, or drank of *Xanthus*' Stream.
Here *Troilus* appears, unhappy Youth,
Dropping his Arms, and flying from *Achilles*,
Unable to maintain th'unequal Fight.
The Horſes ſtill drag on the empty Chariot,
From whence fall'n headlong, yet he graſps the Reins;
Whilſt with his Neck and Hair he ſweeps the Ground,
His Spear inverted marks the duſty Plain.

The *Trojan* Matrons there with Hair diſhevell'd,
To angry *Pallas* Shrine ſad Suppliants go;
A gorgeous Robe they offer, beat their Breaſts,
While ſhe relentleſs frowns upon the Ground:
Juſt by, he ſees *Achilles* dragging *Hector*
Thrice round the Walls of *Troy*, and ſelling then
The Hero's breathleſs Corps for Sums of Gold.

No longer could he hold, but deeply ſigh'd,
To view the precious Spoils, the warlike Chariot,
And ev'n the Body of his mangled Friend;
And *Priam* ſtretching forth his feeble Hands.

Himſelf at length mix'd with the *Græcian* Chiefs
He finds and knows, obſerves the *Eaſtern* Bands,
And marks the Arms which ſwarthy *Memnon* bare;
Sees where *Pentheſilea* ſtoutly leads
The *Amazonian* Dames, with Moon-like Shields,
And thro' thick Squadrons breaks; a Golden Belt

Buckles beneath her Breaſt; and ſhe, a Virgin,
For Martial Glory dares contend with Men.

While theſe ſtrange Sights th'aſtoniſh'd Prince employ,
And his fix'd Eyes dwell on this only Proſpect;
Dido the beauteous Queen in State arrives,
By num'rous Guards of noble Youths ſurrounded.

So on *Eurota*'s Banks, or *Cynthus* Top,
Diana leads the Dance; while from all Parts
The Wood-Nymphs gath'ring follow; o're her Back
She throws her Quiver, moves with ſtately Pace,
And all th' aſſembled Deities excells:
Latona's Breaſt is fill'd with ſilent Joy.

Such *Dido* ſeem'd; ſo through the gazing Crowds
She briskly paſs'd, encouraging their Works,
The firm Foundations of her future Sway.
Then, in the Gate, beneath the mid-moſt Arch,
Compaſs'd with Guards, She ſits enthron'd on high.

Here

Here ſhe decided Cauſes, publiſh'd Laws;
Aſſign'd the ſev'ral Shares of equal Labour,
Or if unequal, gave them out by Lot.

She thus employ'd, the Prince with glad Surprize,
Sergeſtus, *Antheus*, and the Brave *Cloanthus*,
With many *Trojans* more, approaching, views;
Whom late a dreadful Tempeſt forc'd aſunder,
And drove to other Coaſts: Amazement ſeiz'd
Him and *Achates*, toſs'd 'twixt Joy and Fear;
Fain would they join their friendly Hands, but dare not,
Perplex'd with Doubts of what may yet befal.
Still in their miſty Robes conceal'd they lie,
Obſerving what Succeſs attends their Friends;
Where their Fleet harbours, what they ſeek for here:
For from their ſev'ral Ships fit Men were choſen
To beg the Queen's Protection. They the Dome
Loudly complaining enter; where arriv'd,

And Leave being ſoon obtain'd to ſpeak their Griefs,
Their Chief, *Ilioneus*, calmly thus began.

" Great Queen, whom Heav'ns Imperial King has (made
" This riſing City's Foundreſs, and impower'd
" With righteous Laws to curb theſe ſtubborn Nations,
" We wretched *Trojans*, toſs'd thro' various Seas,
" Intreat you to preſerve from threaten'd Fire
" The Relicks of our Fleet: Protect a Race
" Renown'd for Piety, and view our State
" With favourable Eyes: We came not hither
" In hoſtile way, to plunder *Lybian* Farms,
" Or to our Ships convey the ill-got Spoils;
" For ſuch Attempts our Spirits are too low,
" Nor does ſuch Daring ſuit our conquer'd State.
" A Place there is, *Heſperia* call'd by *Greeks*,
" An antient Land, for War and Plenty famous;
" Th' *Oenotrians* once poſſeſs'd it; but of late
" They ſtile themſelves *Italians*, (ſo Fame tells,)

" And

" And from their Captain's Name derive their own.
" Thither we bent our Courſe: When rough *Orion*
" Riſing above the Main, on ſecret Shelves
" (Croſs Winds aſſiſting) forc'd us: Thro' the Waves,
" Thro' craggy Rocks, our ſcatter'd Veſſels wander'd,
" O'er-maſter'd by the Sea: At length ſome few
" Have reach'd your *Lybian* Shore: But what ſtrange Race
" Of Men dwells here! How barbarous are their Actions!
" Our Landing they forbid, provoke to War,
" Nor grant us Footing on the utmoſt Shore.
" If Mens Revenge, and human Pow'r you ſlight,
" Yet know the mindful Gods weigh Right and Wrong.
" *Æneas* was our King, renown'd in War;
" For Piety eſteem'd, for Juſtice fam'd;
" Whom if the Fates have ſpar'd, if yet he breathes
" This vital Air, nor fills the Shades below;
" We need not yet deſpair, nor you repent

" That you oblig'd him firſt: There are beſides
" *Sicilian* Cities, where the *Trojan* Enſigns
" Are fix'd and flouriſh! There *Aceſtes* reigns
" From *Teucer*'s Blood deſcended. Grant but Leave
" In ſome ſafe Port to fence our Ships from Storms,
" Planks from the Woods to fetch, and frame our Oars;
" Then cheerfully we'll ſeek the *Latian* Shore,
" (If Fate permit the *Latian* Shore to ſeek,
" Our King and Friends return'd;) but if they're loſt,
" If thee, beſt Father of the *Trojan* Race,
" The *Lybian* Sea has ſwallow'd; if *Iulus*,
" Our ſecond Hope, has ſhar'd his Father's Fate;
" Permit, at leaſt, Great Queen, that we return
" From whence we came, back thro' *Sicilian* Seas,
" To hoſpitable Cities, that will give us
" A kind Reception, and to King *Aceſtes*.

So ſpake *Ilioneus*; the *Trojans* all
With hollow Murmurs gave their joint Aſſent.

To

To whom, her modeſt Eyes fix'd on the Ground,
Thus *Dido* briefly anſwers: "Baniſh Fear,
" Strangers of *Troy*, and let no Cares moleſt you.
" My dang'rous State, my Pow'r unſettled yet,
" Conſtrain me thus to act, and guard my Ports
" With utmoſt Caution. But the Noble Race
" Of Prince *Æneas*, and the Name of *Troy*,
" Are known to all Men; with the great Exploits,
" The Warriors, and the Heat of that fierce War.
" Nor are we *Tyrians* of ſo rough a Nature;
" Nor does the Sun his Morning Chariot drive
" So diſtant from our *Carthage!* If you wiſh
" To ſail tow'rds Great *Heſperia*, and the Fields
" Where *Saturn* lay conceal'd; or if you chuſe
" To viſit *Eryx*, and the King *Aceſtes*;
" In Safety I'll diſmiſs you; give what Aid
" You need or ask, and all your Wants ſupply:
" But if you'll ſtay, and fix within my Realm,
" This riſing City's yours; lay up your Ships,

" With

" With me a *Carthaginian* and a *Trojan*
" Shall differ but in Name. And Oh! that now
" Your King *Æneas*, by the ſame Storm driv'n,
" Were preſent with us! But abroad I'll ſend
" Some of my truſty'ſt Servants, with Command
" To ſearch o'er all the Borders, if by chance
" Wrack'd on the Shore, thro' Woods or Towns he wanders.

Now brave *Achates*, and the *Trojan* Prince,
Encourag'd by theſe Words, began to wiſh
The Cloud diſſolv'd that hid them. Firſt *Achates*
Accoſts *Æneas* thus: " Say, Goddeſs-born,
" What Thoughts employ you now? You ſee all ſafe
" Your Fleet, your Friends reſtor'd, one only wanting
" Whom in our Sight the raging Waves devour'd;
" The reſt agrees with what your Mother told you.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſtrait the Cloud diſ(pers'd
And vaniſh'd into Air. The Prince appear'd
Standing

Standing in open View: His Face and Shape
Were God-like; for his Mother had embelish'd
His Manly Locks; the ruddy Bloom of Youth
Adorn'd his Count'nance; and his sparkling Eyes
With cheerful yet Majestick Lustre shone:
So looks the polish'd Iv'ry; so bright Silver,
Or *Parian* Marble, set in burnish'd Gold.

Whilst th'unexpected Sight surpriz'd them all,
Thus to the Queen he speaks: "Illustrious Queen,
"Behold the Man you seek, *Trojan Æneas*,
"Scap'd from the *Lybian* Seas. O Thou who dost
"Alone behold the wretched State of *Troy*
"With due Compassion, and vouchsaf'st to harbour
"These *Grecian* Leavings, toss'd with various Ills
"By Land and Sea, and destitute of all things,
"Both in your Town and Palace; How can we
"Return just Thanks? Or how the *Trojan* Nation
"However widely or'e the World dispers'd?
"The righteous Gods (if they respect the Good,

"If

" If Juſtice claims Regard) and your own Mind,
" Conſcious of acting nobly, muſt reward you.
" How bleſt the Age that boaſts ſuch wondrous
Worth!
" What muſt the Parents be of ſuch an Offspring!
" Whilſt Rivers ſeek the Sea; whilſt ſhady Groves
" Adorn the Mountain-Tops, and Stars the Sky;
" Still ſhall your Praiſe, and Fame, and Honour
flouriſh,
" Where e'er the Fates conduct me. Saying thus,
He ſtretch'd his Right Hand forth, and graſp'd his
dear
Ilioneus, *Sereſtus* with his Left;
Then others, chiefly *Gyas* and *Cloanthus*,
Both for their Courage fam'd. Amazement ſeiz'd
The beauteous Queen, firſt at his Noble Preſence,
Then at the Sufferings of ſo Great a Man.
To whom ſhe thus replies: " O Goddeſs-born!
" What Chance, what Power thro' theſe amazing
Dangers

" Purſues,

Purſues, and drives you on this barb'rous Coaſt?
Are you then that *Æneas*, whom the Queen
Of Love and Beauty, on the flowry Banks
Of *Phrygian Simois* to *Anchiſes* bore,
Anchiſes the *Dardanian*, *Teucer* came
To *Sidon*. I remember, when he fled
From *Salamis*, his Country, and implor'd
My Father's Help, to raiſe ſome new Dominion:
Belus, my Father, was but juſt return'd
From making conquer'd *Cyprus* own his Sway:
Then firſt I knew the Fate of ruin'd *Troy*,
Heard You, and heard the *Grecian* Princes nam'd.
He did the *Trojans* Juſtice, though their Foe,
And own'd with Pride, that from their Blood he ſprung.
Then, Sirs, inſtead of Strangers, be my Gueſts;
A Fortune not unlike to Yours has toſs'd me
Through many Toils, and fix'd me here at laſt:
From my own Sufferings I this Leſſon learn,
To ſuccour thoſe that ſuffer. Thus ſhe ſpake,

Then

Then giving him her Hand, conducts him on
Strait to the Palace Royal; and ordains
Victims and Incense for the bounteous Gods.
Nor does the Queen his Friends on Board forget;
But sends them Twenty Bulls, an Hundred Sows
With monstrous bristly Backs; Twice Fifty Lambs
That suck'd their bleating Dams; and adds besides
A Present of rich Wine, to cheer their Spirits.

Mean while the inward Rooms are all adorn'd
With Princely Furniture; and in the midst
A stately Hall was fitted, to receive
And treat the new-come Guest. In that you saw
Hangings of wond'rous Work, and nobleſt Dye;
Vast Cupboards bending under Loads of Plate;
And Golden Goblets, where the Noble Acts
Of their Illustrious Ancestors were grav'd;
And from the first Beginning of their Race,
Through long successive Ages handed down.

The

The Prince no longer able to forbear,
Urg'd by Paternal Love, in haſte *Achates*
Sends to the Fleet; with Orders to inform
Aſcanius what had paſt, and guard to Town
The tender Object of his Father's Care:
Withal to bring rich Preſents for the Queen,
Reliques of ruin'd *Troy*; a flowing Mantle
Enrich'd with Golden Figures, and a Veil
Border'd with Yellow Flow'rs that ſhone like Gold;
The Robes of *Grecian Helen*, which ſhe brought
From proud *Mycenæ*, when ſhe ſail'd for *Troy*,
And ſought unlawful Nuptials. *Leda* gave them
Her Mother; Gifts of wond'rous Art and Price:
With theſe a Scepter, which *Ilione*,
King *Priam*'s eldeſt Daughter, us'd to bear;
A rich Pearl Neck-lace, and a Crown ſet round
In double Rows with Gold and precious Stones.
Theſe Orders to fulfil *Achates* haſtes,
And tow'rds the Fleet directs his ſpeedy Courſe.

But

But *Venus* tries new Arts, and new Deſigns
Contrives; that *Cupid* chang'd in Face and Air,
Should in the room of ſweet *Aſcanius* come,
With theſe rich Gifts, to fire th'unwary Queen,
And kindle in her Boſom amorous Flames.
For ſhe the doubtful Race ſuſpects, nor truſts
To *Punick* Faith: Fierce *Juno* too alarms her,
And various Cares each Night her Thoughts perplex
Thus therefore to her winged Son ſhe ſpeaks:
" My Son, my Strength, my mighty Pow'r; my Son,
" Who only dar'ſt deſpiſe *Jove*'s dreadful Bolts
" By which the Gyants fell; to you I fly
" For Succour, and your pow'rful Aid implore.
" You know how *Juno*'s Hatred ſtill purſu'd
" Your Brother, my *Æneas*, toſs'd by Sea,
" And driv'n to various Shores: How oft have you
" Shar'd in my Griefs for him! At *Carthage Dido*
" Detains him now, and entertains him there
" With courteous Promiſes; but much I fear

" The

The welcome of a State where *Juno* reigns;
Who this important Juncture will not ſlip.
'Tis therefore my Deſign to gain by Art
And fire the Queen with Flames of ardent Love
Tow'rds my *Æneas*, Love as great as mine,
Beyond the Pow'r of any God to change her.
How this may be perform'd, take my Directions.
The Princely Youth, my chiefeſt darling Care,
Prepares for *Carthage*, on his Father's Summons,
And with him brings rich Preſents, doubly ſav'd,
Firſt from *Troy*'s Flames, and then the Ocean's Waves.
Him I intend, in Sleep's ſoft Fetters bound,
Safely to hide in ſome ſecure Receſs,
Or high *Cythæra*, or the *Idalian* Grove,
Not knowing our Contrivance, and unable
To interrupt, or by his Preſence foil't.
Take you his Figure, but for one ſhort Night,
And wear the Boy's known Look, your ſelf a Boy.
That ſo, when in her Lap glad *Dido* ſeats you,

" Amidſt the Princely Feaſt, and Bowls of Wine;
" Strains you within her Arms, and gives ſweet Kiſſes,
" You may inſpire the Queen with ſecret Love,
" And ſpread the pleaſing Poiſon thro' her Veins.

Cupid obeys her Orders, gladly quits
His Wings, and as he walks ſeems all *Iulus*.

Venus mean while the Dew of ſoft Repoſe
Diſtills on young *Aſcanius*; her ſoft Breaſt
Becomes his Pillow; whilſt on high ſhe bears him
To ſweet *Idalian* Groves, where od'rous Flow'rs
And fragrant Marj'ram form his ſhady Bed.

And now, purſuant to the Meſſage ſent,
The God of Love, conducted by *Achates*,
To *Carthage* comes, and brings the Royal Gifts.
He finds the Queen, juſt in the middle ſeated
Upon a Couch of Gold; the Floor was ſpread
With coſtly Carpets: Whilſt the *Trojan* Chief,

And

And his attending Friends, repos'd their Limbs
On downy Beds with Purple Quilts adorn'd.
Now Water on their Hands the Servants pour,
Smooth Towels give to wipe them, and the Bread
Set in due Order. Fifty Maids within
Provide the num'rous Diſhes, and attone (ber,
The Houſhold Gods with Incenſe; twice that Num-
Join'd with as many Males of equal Age,
Marſhal the Feaſt, and place the Goblets nigh.
The Palace rings with Mirth; the *Tyrians* too
In Numbers meet, and load the painted Couches.
The Preſents of *Æneas* all admire,
Admire *Iülus*, and the glowing Cheeks
And artful Speech of the diſſembling God;
The Robe, and Veil with golden Foliage deck'd.
Chiefly th'unhappy Queen, Love's deſtin'd Martyr,
Unſatisfy'd with Looking, burns; and views
Now the rich Preſents, now the beauteous Boy.
He, having firſt embrac'd and kiſs'd the Prince,
And anſwer'd his feign'd Father's kind Careſſes,

Accoſts the Queen; who views with Joy, and hugs
The charming Child; then ſeats him in her Lap,
And claſps him to her Boſom; not aware
How great a God was laying Snares to take her.
For he, rememb'ring now his Mother's Charge,
Begins to baniſh ſlowly from her Mind
The Mem'ry of *Sichæus*; and implant
Within her cold and unaccuſtom'd Breaſt
A living Lover. Now the firſt Courſe done,
The Diſhes all remov'd, the Waiters bring
Goblets of Wine, and fill them to the Brim.
The Gueſts grow noiſy, and their chearful Mirth
Thro' all the large Apartments loudly ecchoes.
From Ceilings gilt the flaming Lamps hang down,
And lighted Tapers Midnight turn to Day.
And now the Golden Bowl of State, ſet round
With Jewels of vaſt Price, the bounteous Queen
Calls for, and fills with Wine; which *Belus* us'd,
And all from *Belus* down: Then, Silence made,
Thus *Dido* ſpake: "Great *Jove*, thou Friend t

Strangers, "T

" To whom we owe our hoſpitable Laws,
" Grant that this Day may always happy prove
" To *Tyrians* and to *Trojans!* May our Sons
" To late Poſterity record it ſuch!
" *Bacchus*, that mak'ſt our Hearts o'er-flow with Joy,
" Grace thou our Feaſt! Do thou, propitious *Juno*,
" Afford thy Smiles! And you, my Lords, of *Tyre*,
" Greet this Aſſembly with your beſt Applauſe.

Thus ſpoke the Queen, and on the Table pour'd
The due Libation; then begins the Health,
And ſips with modeſt Grace. To *Bitias* next
She recommends the Pledge: He needs no Spur,
But rears it to his Head, and drains it dry;
The Health goes round thro' all the other Peers.

Mean while his Golden Harp *Iopas* plies,
With flowing Locks (like Muſick's God) adorned;
And to it ſings the Songs which *Atlas* taught him:
The changing Moon; the Suns repeated Courſe;

The Riſe of Men and Beaſts; the Cauſe of Rain
And Thunder; rough *Arcturus*, watry *Hyads*,
The Leſs and Greater Bear; why Winter Suns
So early touch the Sea; why Summer Nights
Such ſlow Approaches make. In loud Applauſe
The *Tyrians* and the *Trojans* gladly join.

Th'unhappy Queen prolongs the waſting Night
With various Talk, and takes Love's Poyſon in:
Much She enquires of *Priam*, much of *Hector*;
Now asks what Armor grac'd *Aurora*'s Son;
Now with what Steeds the Son of *Tydeus* drove;
Or what the Size and Shape of fam'd *Achilles*:
" Begin and tell, ſays ſhe, my Princely Gueſt,
" The *Grecian* Arts, your Country's diſmal Fate,
" And your own wand'ring Courſe: For now ſev'n Years
" Have ſeen you toſs'd on ev'ry Sea and Shore.

The End of the Firſt BOOK.

NOTES

ON THE

FIRST BOOK.

VER. 1. *Heroe.*] The Word *Vir*, which we uſually find render'd *Man*, muſt needs have a nobler Signification in this Place, and anſwers exactly to the Ἀνὴρ of *Homer*.

Αλλ' ὀγ' Ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει πολὺ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων, when he ſpeaks of *Achilles*; and,

Ἄνδρά μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα, when he ſpeaks of *Ulyſſes*, the two *Heroes* of the *Ilias* and *Odyſſeis*: And therefore it may fitly be expreſſed by the Word *Heroe*, alluding to *Æneas*, the *Heroe* of this Poem. Nor is there any thing too pompous in this Beginning, ſince every one muſt conceive him to be a *Heroe*, who is made the Subject of an *Heroick* Poem.

Ver. 2. *Chief.*] I cannot but think that *Primus* in the Original ſignifies rather the firſt in Rank than in Time; and therefore I chuſe to render it by *Chief*, becauſe it adds more to the Character of *Æneas*.

Ver. 3. *Lavinum on th'Italian Shore.*] By this I endeavour to avoid the ſeeming Tautology in the Original, of going to *Italy* and the *Lavinian* Shore; *Italiam Lavinaque venit Littora.*

Ver. 6. Juno *mindful of her antient Wrongs.*] *Juno* had ſeveral Occaſions of Complaint againſt the *Trojan* Nation, as you will hereafter find them reckoned up by her ſelf in the 38*th* and 40*th* Verſes of this Book.

Ver. 8. *To build* Lavinium.] I choſe here to expreſs the *Name* of that City, becauſe to build *a* City is flat, and *the* City is moſt juſtly applicable to *Rome.*

Ver. 23. *Equipage.*] I look upon a literal Tranſlation of *Arma* into *Arms*, not to agree ſo well with the Character of a Goddeſs, and therefore ſoften it by the Word *Equipage.*

Ver. 36. *Thy Judgment*, Paris.] *Paris* was the Son of King *Priam* and *Hecuba*; his Mother during her Pregnancy, dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a Firebrand, which was interpreted to foreſhew, that the Child ſhe went with ſhould be the Ruin of his Country: His Mother therefore had him privately brought up upon Mount *Ida*, where he fed Sheep, and was ſo famous for Juſtice, that the Three Goddeſſes, *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, referred the following Conteſt to his Deciſion: The Goddeſs *Diſcord* ſent a golden Apple to the Nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, with this Inſcription, [*Let it be given to the faireſt*;] and each of theſe Goddeſſes pretending to that Character, they choſe *Paris* as Umpire, who adjudged the Prize to *Venus*, to the great Diſguſt of the other Two. By her Aſſiſtance afterwards he carried off *Helen*, the celebrated Beauty of the World, from her Husband *Menelaus*; which occaſion'd the famous *Trojan* War of 10 Years Continuance to recover her again.

Ver. 38. *The raviſh'd* Phrygian *Boy.*] This points at *Ganymede*, a young *Trojan* Prince, who was carried up to Heaven

Heaven by *Jupiter* in the Shape of an Eagle, where he was promoted to be his Cup-bearer, in the room of *Hebe*, Jupiter's Daughter.

Ver. 56. *For the looſe Rage of one.*] *Ajax Oileus*, after the Deſtruction of *Troy*, provoked the Goddeſs *Pallas* to a moſt high Degree, by raviſhing *Caſſandra* in her Temple, who was Daughter to *Priam*, and her Prieſteſs. *The looſe Rage of one*, I think, is clearer, than if *Noxam* and *Furias* in the Orignal had been ſeverally expreſſed by two Subſtantives.

Ver. 94. *Do this, and She the faireſt*, &c.] I have ventured here to tranſpoſe ſome of the Expreſſions, that I may place the Senſe in a way more agreeable to the *Engliſh* Tongue; but I have neither added nor diminiſhed.

Ver. 122. *Cold Deſpair.*] I have aſcribed the Cauſe of this *Coldneſs* rather to *Deſpair* than to *Fear*; becauſe the firſt of theſe proceeding from the Greatneſs of the Danger without, as the laſt does from a Defect of Courage within, ſeems to me the leſs ignoble Paſſion of the two.

Ver. 144. *Unſeen before.*] I have added the latter Word to mollify the Expreſſion, that it may not ſeem to contradict what follows, *That rais'd their monſtrous Backs above the Main.*

Ver. 191. Triton *and* Cymothoe.] Theſe are two of the Under Deities of the Sea, that attend the Motion of their great God *Neptune*.

Ver. 260. *You* Scylla's *Rage*, &c.] *Scylla*, the Daughter of *Phorcus*, was ſaid to be turned into a Monſter by *Circe*, upon the account of Jealouſy; the upper Part reſembled a Woman, and the lower a Pack of Dogs. She was afterwards encloſed within a Rock dangerous to Seamen, where the Noiſe of the Waves ſeemed to reſemble the Barking of thoſe Creatures.

Ver.

Ver. 293. *Venus.*] She was the Daughter of *Jupiter*, and Mother of *Æneas* by *Anchises* the *Dardanian*; the Goddess of Love, and Queen of Beauty.

Ver. 335. *Your Son a Heroe now.*] I have translated *Magnanimum* by *a Heroe*, and the foregoing *sublimen* by *a God*; I think exactly agreeable to the Intention of the Author.

Ver. 375. *Shall hear and grant the Prayers.*] I have taken the Liberty to enlarge a little upon the Original; tho' I look upon the whole Sense of *Hearing* and *Granting* Petitions, to be included at least in *Vocabitur Votis.*

Ver. 378. *Vesta, Quirinus.*] The former of these was a Goddess worshipped at *Rome* with great Devotion; the noblest young Ladies being appointed to attend the sacred Fire, which was to be kept perpetually burning before her. They made a Vow of Chastity, which if they broke, they were enclosed within 4 Walls, and starved to Death. The latter of these is another Name for *Romulus*, the famous Founder of *Rome.*

Ver. 380. *The dreadful Gates of* Janus.] The Temple of *Janus* at *Rome* stood always open in Time of War; but the Gates of it were shut with great Solemnity, when the *Roman* Empire was universally in Peace.

Ver. 386. Maja's *Son.*] *Mercury* the God of Eloquence, the Messenger of the Gods, the Son of *Jupiter* by *Maja* the Daughter of *Atlas.*

Ver. 412. *Swift* Hebrus.] A rapid River in *Thrace*, whose Swiftness, however, the Poet supposes unequal to that of *Harpalice*, when she strained her Horse.

Ver. 489. *Am call'd the Pious.*] It seems more agreeable to the Modesty of our *Hero*'s Character, to have this Commendation given him by others, than to assume it himself, with a *sum Pius Æneas.* And it may easily be observ'd how I have mollify'd the following Expression: *Famâ super æthera notus.*

Ver.

Ver. 571. *In Peace of Plenty.*] I cannot fall in with their Opinion, who would have the original Expreſſion, *Facilem victu per ſecula*, to ſignify the acquiring of immortal Glory; and have therefore taken it in the Senſe of Plenty and Abundance, for which thoſe Parts were famous, as well as for the warlike Temper of the Natives.

Ver. 643. Latona's *Breaſt is fill'd with ſilent Joy.*] *Latona* was the Mother of *Apollo* and *Diana*; and is here handſomly repreſented, as taking an inward Satisfaction at the Perfections of her Daughter, without any indecent Expreſſions of it outwardly.

Ver. 695. *Yet know the mindful Gods.*] This Expreſſion ſeems to be dark in the Original, unleſs we very much ſtrain the uſual Senſe of the Word *ſperate*, which muſt mean here the ſame as, *be confident*: I ſubmit it to my Readers, whether I have hit it right, by

Yet know the mindful Gods weigh Right and Wrong.

Ver. 732. *Where* Saturn *lay conceal'd.*] When *Saturn* fled from his Son *Jupiter*, he lay conceal'd in *Italy*, and gave the Name of *Latium* to it, *a latendo.*

Ver. 733. *To viſit* Eryx.] A Mountain in *Sicily*, where King *Aceſtes* reigned.

Ver. 860. *Your Brother.*] *Æneas* was Half-Brother to *Cupid* by the ſurer Side.

Ver. 950. *The due Libation.*] It was uſual upon any ſolemn Entertainment, tho' chiefly at Sacrifices, to pour ſome Wine firſt upon the Ground, as offering it to the Houſhold-Gods, and then to drink the Remainder.

Ver. 956. *With flowing Locks.*] If I may be allowed to gueſs why *Jopas* is here called *crinitus*, or *hairy*, by *Virgil*, who never chuſes an inſignificant Epithet; I ſuppoſe him to have been conſecrated in a manner to the God of Muſick's Service; and ſo in reſemblance to his Golden

Golden Rays, to have worn his Hair of a more than ordi
nary Length.

Ver. 956. *Like Muſick's God.*] *Apollo* was the God o
Muſick as well as Poetry.

Ver. 957. *The Songs which* Atlas *taught him.*] *Atlas* wa
King of *Mauritania*, a great Aſtrologer, and therefor
ſaid to be turned into a Mountain that ſupported Heaven
What is mentioned afterwards of *Arcturus*, the *Hyades*
and the two *Bears*, refers to that Art of which he was ſo
great a Maſter, and are the Names of certain Stars an
Conſtellations.

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

BOOK the SECOND.

NOW all were huſh'd, their Eyes with due Regard
Fix'd on the Prince; when from his lofty Couch
Æneas thus began: Illuſtrious Queen,
At your Command I'm vent'ring to renew
Unutterable Griefs; how *Greece* deſtroy'd
The Wealth and State of much-lamented *Troy*;

Of

Of which ſad Scene I was a griev'd Spectator,
And bore no common Share: At ſuch a Tale
What *Myrmidon*, what *Dolop*, what ſtern Soldier
Of fell *Ulyſſes*, could refrain from Tears?
And now the Evening Dew deſcends from Heav'n,
And ſetting Stars invite to ſoft Repoſe:
Yet ſince your Goodneſs prompts you to enquire
Of our diſtreſs'd Affairs, and *Troy*'s laſt Struggle;
Though Horrour ſeize me, and my ſick'ning Soul
Shrink back with ſudden Grief, I muſt attempt it.

The *Grecian* Chiefs, thro' many rowling Years
Worn out with War, by adverſe Fate repuls'd,
Build by *Minerva*'s Aid a vaſt Machine,
Stile it a Horſe, and rear it Mountain-high;
Then ſtretch the hollow Sides with Ribbs of Firr.
A votive Off'ring for their ſafe Return
Is made the fair Pretext. and paſſes currant:
Within this dark Encloſure lie conceal'd
Choice Bands of Soldiers, and with cautious Privacy

Its

ts ſpacious Womb is fill'd with Warriors arm'd.

In ſight of *Troy* lies *Tenedos*, an Iſle
Vell known to Fame; while *Priam*'s Empire ſtood
n Wealth abounding; now a ſorry Bay,
nd unſecure Retreat for ſhatter'd Veſſels.
ither retire the *Grecians*, and lie hid
n that forſaken Shore; whilſt we o'erjoy'd
ppoſe them gone, and with propitious Gales
ail'd for *Mycenæ*. Now our tedious Toils
re all forgot, the Gates are ſet wide open;
ell-pleas'd we go to view the *Grecian* Camp,
heir Poſts forſaken, and th' abandon'd Shore.
The *Dolops* here encamp'd, here fierce *Achilles*
Was wont to drive; this Bay contain'd the Fleet,
And this large Plain was oft the Scene of Battle.
ome thus employ'd, others with Wonder view
Minerva's fatal Gift, amaz'd to ſee
he Vaſtneſs of its Bulk: and firſt *Thymotes*
ſiſts to have it brought within our Walls,

And

And in the Caſtle plac'd. Whence flow'd this
Counſel?
From ill Deſign, or *Troy*'s determin'd Fate?
But *Capys*, and the wiſer ſort, adviſe
To plunge the *Grecian* Snare i'th' neighb'ring Deep,
Conſume with Flames the much ſuſpected Gift,
Or pierce its Side, and ſearch the dark Receſſes.
The wav'ring Crowd, uncertain where to fix,
To diff'ring Counſels variouſly inclines.

In haſte *Laocoon* from the Tow'r deſcends,
Heading a num'rous Train, then cries from far,
"Whence ſprings this fatal Madneſs, wretched
Friends?
"Think you the Foe gone off? Can *Grecian Gifts*
"Be unſuſpected of ſome ill Deſign?
"And is *Ulyſſes* yet no better known?
"Either this curs'd Machine is fill'd with *Greeks*,
"Or elſe deſign'd to tumble down our Walls,
"O'erlook the Town, and awe it from above,

" Or hides ſome other Fraud: Beware, my Coun-
trymen,
" To this deceitful Engine give no heed;
" Whatever may be made the fair Pretence,
" I fear the *Grecians* much, but moſt their Preſents.

He ſpake, and ſtrongly toſs'd his maſſy Spear,
Which piercing through the Horſe's Side and Belly,
Stuck in the Ribs within: The Engine ſhook,
Whilſt from the Caverns of its trembling Womb
Proceeded hollow Sounds and ſeeming Groans:
And had not angry Fate decreed our Fall,
And common Senſe forſook us; we ſhould then
Have ſtain'd thoſe cloſe Retreats with *Grecian* Blood:
Then *Troy* had ſtill been ſtanding; and thou, *Priam*,
Thy Palace and thy Kingdom flouriſh'd ſtill.

Now through the ſhouting Crowd (Shepherds) ſome *Trojan*
Conduct a Youth, his Hands behind him ty'd,
And guard him to the King: He with deſign

To make his Plot ſucceed, and gain for *Greece*
An Entrance into *Troy*, himſelf ſurrend'ring,
Their willing Priſ'ner, follow'd uncompell'd;
Of Courage bold, for all Events prepar'd,
Either to gain his Ends, or failing, die.
The Youth of *Troy* in Crowds around him gather,
To gaze and to inſult. Now ſee the Depth
Of *Grecian* Fraud, and judge of all by one:
For ſtanding in the midſt, confus'd, unarm'd,
And fixing on the *Phrygian* Bands his Eye,
" Alas! he cries, what Land, what Sea will now
" Give me Admittance? Or what Hope remains
" For one ſo wretched? *Greece*, my native Soil,
" Refuſes her Protection; hoſtile *Troy*,
" Juſtly incens'd, my forfeit Blood requires!
He ſpake, and ſigh'd; and we with ſoft Compaſſion
Found our Minds chang'd, and all our Anger laid.
Strait we exhort him to declare his Birth,
His Fortune, and what yet in Bonds he hop'd for.
He by degrees ſhakes off his Fear, and ſays,

" Great

" Great King, whate'er I know I'll freely tell,
" But tell with ſtricteſt Truth: And firſt I own
" My ſelf a *Grecian*; nor ſhall adverſe Fate,
" That made poor *Sinon* wretched, make him prove
" A Liar or Deceiver. *Palamede*'s
" Illuſtrious Name muſt needs have reach'd your (Ears,
" With his Deſcent from *Belus*: Him the *Greeks*,
" Becauſe he diſapprov'd this hapleſs War,
" Falſly accus'd, condemn'd, and executed
" For Treaſon forg'd; (now dead they mourn his Loſs:)
" To him, my near Relation and my Friend,
" My Father ſent me young, his Fellow-Soldier;
" And whilſt he flouriſh'd, and confed'rate Kings
" To his wiſe Counſels hearkned; I too found
" A due Reſpect, and ſhar'd his Honours with him:
" But when by falſe *Ulyſſes*' envious Rage
" (I ſpeak what all Men know) I loſt my Friend;
" I dragg'd a heavy Life in Shades and Sorrow,
" And inly mourn'd my guiltleſs Patron's Fate;

" Till mad with Grief, at laſt, I loudly rav'd,
" And vow'd, if e'er (with Conqueſt crown'd) I
reach'd
" My native Shore, I'd be his Death's Avenger.
" With Words like theſe I rowz'd the watchful Hate
" Of fell *Ulyſſes*; here my Woes began:
" He ſtrait objects unheard of Crimes, alarms
" With doubtful Speeches the ſuſpicious Crowd,
" And urg'd by inward Guilt contrives my Death:
" Nor ceas'd he, till with *Calchas* his Confed'rate—
" But why do I with fruitleſs Plaints in vain
" Tire out your Patience, and delay your Vengeance
" If you without diſtinction treat alike
" All that are *Grecians*, and 'tis Fault enough
" That ſuch I've own'd my ſelf, pronounce my
Doom;
" Then will *Ulyſſes* ſmile, and *Atreus*' Sons
" The high-priz'd News with glad Applauſe receive
Now all grow curious, and with eager Warmth
Preſs him to tell the whole; unus'd, alas!

To ſuch baſe Frauds, and *Grecian* Treachery.
Then trembling the Diſſembler thus goes on:
" Oft-times the *Trojans* wiſh'd to fly from *Troy*,
" And weary'd with a tedious War, return;
" (O! that they had!) As oft ill Weather ſtop'd 'em,
" The Rage of Sea and Winds; but moſt of late,
" Since this Machine, of jointed Timber fram'd,
" Was rear'd and finiſh'd, boiſt'rous Tempeſts roar'd:
" Perplex'd and doubtful what to do, we ſend
" *Eurypylus*, with Orders to conſult
" The Oracle of *Phœbus*; who reports
" This dreadful Anſwer: When you ſail'd for *Troy*,
" The Winds that croſs'd your Paſſage were atton'd
" With Blood and Slaughter of a Royal Maid:
" With Blood your wiſh'd Return muſt be obtain'd,
" And a ſlain *Grecian* made the publick Off'ring.
" Scarce was this News divulg'd, when all were ſtruck
" With Horrour and cold Fear, uncertain who's
" The deſtin'd Victim, whom the God requires:

" And now *Ulysses* brings the Prophet *Calchas*,
" And bids him to th'assembled Crowd disclose
" The dark Decrees of Heav'n: Already some
" Foretell my coming Fate, foresee my Fall
" Basely contriv'd, and wait th'Event in Silence.
" Ten Days the fatal Secret he conceals,
" Keeps close within his Quarters, and denies
" To name the Victim, mark'd for certain Death;
" At length, by loud repeated Clamours urg'd
" Of false *Ulysses*, the well-tutor'd Priest
" His Silence breaks, and dooms me to the Altar.
" All give their glad Consent, well pleas'd to see
" Their common Fears eas'd at th'Expence of One.
" The dreadful Day arriv'd, the sacred Rites
" Are all prepar'd, the consecrated Cakes,
" And Fillets binding my devoted Head:
" Then, I confess, to save my self from Death,
" I broke my Bonds, and in a neighb'ring Marsh
" Lay hid amongst the Rushes; till the Fleet
" Should sail for *Greece*, at least if sail it could.

" Bu

" But now I never muſt expect to ſee
" My native Soil, ſweet Children, and dear Father;
" Whom they perhaps will perſecute to Death
" For my Eſcape, and ſhed their Blood for mine:
" Then by the ſacred Pow'rs which know my Truth,
" By ſtrict Fidelity, if ſuch remains
" Unblemiſh'd amongſt Men, with Pity view
" My woeful State and undeſerv'd Misfortunes.
Mov'd with his Words and Tears we grant him Life,
And ſoft Compaſſion ſhew: By *Priam*'s Order
Some knock his Fetters off, and looſe his Bonds;
Whilſt he with kind Expreſſions thus beſpeaks him:
" Stranger, whoe'er you are, henceforth forget
" Your Kindred *Grecians*; I adopt you mine,
" So you with Truth inform me what I ask.
" What made the *Grecians* rear this vaſt Machine?
" Who fram'd it and contriv'd it? For what End?
" A ſacred Off'ring is't, or warlike Engine?
Thus ſpake the King: And he, inſtructed well

In all the Arts of *Grecian* Fraud and Cunning,
His unbound Hands lifts up to Heav'n, and says,
" Witness for me, ye everlasting Fires,
" Whom we with utmost Reverence adore,
" Witness ye Altars, and that fatal Steel
" From which I fled, witness ye sacred Fillets
" That bound my destin'd Head: 'Tis just for me
" To break my Vows and plighted Faith to *Greece*;
" 'Tis just to hate the *Grecians*, and disclose
" Their weightiest Secrets: I renounce all Ties
" Of Kindred and of Country: Let but *Troy*
" Make good her Promise, and preserve her Faith,
" For those important Truths I now reveal.
" All Hope and Expectation of Success
" In this late War, was by the *Grecians* fix'd
" On *Pallas*'s Assistance; but e'er since
" The wicked Son of *Tydeus*, and *Ulysses*
" Forger of Mischief, dar'd with impious Force
" To snatch her Image from its sacred Shrine,
" And with their bloody sacrilegious Hands

" Pollute

" Pollute her Virgin Ornaments: From thence
" Th'Affairs of *Greece* went backwards; all their
Hopes
" Were fruſtrated, their Force impair'd, the Goddeſs
" Declar'd their Foe by ſtrange and certain Signs:
" For ſcarce had they brought home the ſacred Pledge,
" And fix'd it in their Camp, when Flames of Fire
" Flaſh'd from her ſparkling Eyes, a briny Sweat
" Flow'd out of ev'ry Pore; and what almoſt
" Exceeds Belief, thrice from the Ground ſhe ſprang,
" Graſping her Shield, and ſhook her threat'ning
Spear.
" *Calchas* alarm'd, bids all prepare for *Greece*;
" Nor dream of foreign Conqueſt, till from home
" They bring more lucky Omens; and the Goddeſs
" Becomes propitious, as when firſt they ſail'd.
" But if they reach their native Soil, they mean
" Only to touch, and make a quick Return;
" To wage new War, bring back their Gods appeas'd,
" And ſeize you unprovided: *Calchas* thus,

" As

" As he thinks fit, directs and governs all.
" By his Advice this vaſt Machine was rear'd,
" T'attone the Goddeſs for her Image ſtoln,
" And expiate the Offence; by his Advice
" 'Twas made ſo ſtrong with jointed Oaks, ſo large
" In Bulk and Breadth, ſo high to brave the Skies;
" Leſt ent'ring through your Gates, or entertain'd
" Within your Walls, this, like a new *Palladium*,
" Should fix the antient Worſhip, and protect
" Its zealous Vot'ries. For had you profan'd
" *Minerva*'s Off'ring, then a dreadful Curſe
" (Which Heav'n avert, and turn upon the Author
" Had *Priam* and the *Trojan* Race o'erwhelm'd:
" But if with joint Conſent you all aſſiſt
" To place it in the Town, the *Aſian* States
" Shall vex the *Grecians* with offenſive War,
" And turn the ill Preſage on Them and Theirs.

By theſe vile Arts, and perjur'd *Sinon*'s Cunning,
The Story gain'd Belief: Deceit and Tears

Inſnar'

Inſnar'd and conquer'd thoſe, who ſtood the Brunt
Of bold *Tydides*, and of ſtern *Achilles*,
A ten Years War, and twice five hundred Sail.

But ſee! a new Portent more ſtrange and dreadful
With freſh Surprize diſtracts our wav'ring Minds:
For whilſt *Laocoon*, whom the ſacred Lot
Had fix'd for *Neptune*'s Prieſt, was off'ring up
A well-grown Bull upon the hallow'd Altar;
Behold two monſtrous Snakes, o'er peaceful Waves,
With Folds immenſe, (the bare Relation ſtuns me)
Swim from the neighb'ring *Tenedos*, and preſs
The yielding Main, to gain the wiſh'd-for Shore:
With bloody Creſts, Breaſt-high, they overtop
The Flood below; their Trains immenſe behind
Sweep the Sea's Surface, and with winding Curls
Twiſt o'er their monſtrous Backs; then laſh the Deep,
Which roars beneath their Weight: At length they land,

Their

Their ruddy ſparkling Eyes dart Blood and Fire;
Aloud they hiſs, and threaten with their Tongues:
Half dead we ſhun the baleful Sight; whilſt they
Directly forwards to *Laocoon* preſs,
And firſt around the ſlender Waſts they twine
Of his two Sons, and gnaw their quiv'ring Limbs;
Next on himſelf they ſeize, haſt'ning in vain
With Weapons drawn to bring the Boys Relief:
They bind him with vaſt Spires; and winding twi
About his manly Middle, twice his Neck
Their ſcaly Backs enfold, and far above
Diſplay their threat'ning Creſts and lofty Boſoms:
He ſtrains his ſinewy Arms to break their Hold;
Black Poiſon, mix'd with clotted Blood, diſtains
His conſecrated Fillets; loud he roars,
And ſends up lamentable Cries to Heav'n:
The wounded Bull, that from the Altar flies,
And ſhakes with Pain the ineffectual Axe
From off his mangled Neck, leſs loudly bellows.
This done, the ſcaly Monſters nimbly glide

To th' neighb'ring Temple; fierce *Minerva*'s Shrine
They enter boldly, at her Feet lie down,
And reſt beneath the Umbrage of her Shield.

And now a ſuperſtitious Fear affects
Our trembling Breaſts; *Laocoon* all condemn,
Say he deſerv'd his Fate, that dar'd to pierce
The ſacred Engine with his impious Spear;
Then jointly vote to draw the vaſt Machine
Within the Ramparts, and attone the Goddeſs.
Down go the Bulwarks, down the City Walls;
All Hands promote the Work; beneath its Feet
Some faſten rolling Wheels, ſome round its Neck
Throw twiſted Cords: And now the fatal Pile,
Fill'd with arm'd Men, climbs o'er the ſhatter'd Walls;
Whilſt beardleſs Boys and Virgin Females chant
Old ſacred Songs, and ſtrive to touch the Ropes.
That ſtill ſlides on, till near the City's Center
At laſt it reſts, and threatens all the Town.

"Alas!

" Alas! for my dear Country! and alas
" For *Troy*, the Seat of Gods! a third Alas
" For *Ilium*'s ruin'd Walls renown'd in War!
Within the op'ning Gates four times it ſtuck,
As often from the Hollow of its Womb
The ruſtling Weapons gave a jarring Sound;
Yet we unmindful, and to Madneſs blind,
Fondly perſiſt, and in the ſacred Tow'r
Place the pernicious Portent; whilſt *Caſſandra*
Foretels our Fate with wonted Unbelief:
For ſo the God decreed. Unhappy we
With flow'ry Garlands ev'ry Altar crown,
Not knowing that we took our laſt Farewell.

(Night
Mean while the Face of Heav'n is chang'd, and
Like a black Miſt out of the Ocean riſes;
Its ſable Mantle covers Earth and Sky,
And hides the *Grecian* Frauds. All *Troy* is huſh'd,
Their weary'd Limbs in Sleep's ſoft Fetters bound.
And now the *Grecian* Fleet of Ships, well arm'd,

Advanc'd

dvanc'd from *Tenedos*; the Moon affords
er friendly silent Light, by which they seek
he well-known Shore; and now the Royal Bark
uts forth a blazing Torch, th' appointed Signal;
hen *Sinon*, by the angry Gods reserv'd
or this Exploit, unlocks the wooden Doors,
nd frees th' imprison'd *Grecians*: Out they rush
haste, and gladly quit the dark Enclosure:
Sander, *Sthenelus*, bold Leaders both,
nd dire *Ulysses*, by a Rope slide down;
hen *Athamas* and *Thoas*; *Pyrrhus* next,
randson of *Peleus*, with the fam'd *Machaon*;
he younger Son of *Atreus*, and *Epeus*,
ho built the curs'd Machine: These jointly fall
wretched *Troy*, bury'd in Wine and Sleep,
t off the Watch, and op'ning all the Gates,
t in their Friends, and join their guilty Bands.

It was the Time when Sleep, best Gift of Heav'n,
weary'd Mortals, makes its first Approach,

And

And that moſt pleaſing, when (methought) I ſaw
Hector before me ſtanding, as I ſlept,
With Geſture ſad, and ſhedding Floods of Tears:
Such he appear'd, as when with Blood and Duſt
Quite cover'd o'er, his ſwelling Feet pierc'd through,
And ty'd to fierce *Achilles'* Chariot-wheels.
Alas! how look'd he! how unlike that *Hector*
That brought the Spoils of great *Achilles* home,
Or burnt with miſſive Flames the *Grecian* Ships!
Rough was his Beard, clotted with Blood his Hair;
And num'rous Wounds for his dear Country's Cauſe
Before *Troy* Walls receiv'd, appear'd in view.
At this ſad Sight my ready Tears guſh'd out,
I ſeem'd to talk, and uſe theſe mournful Words:
" O Thou the Light of *Troy*! our firmeſt Hope!
" Why ſo long abſent? from what diſtant Clime
" Art thou our long deſir'd Deliv'rer come?
" By what kind Chance, with Expectation tir'd,
" Enjoy we now thy Preſence? Now when Death
Has ſnatch'd thy choiceſt Friends, and lab'ring *Troy*

" Sinks

" Sinks with her Sons beneath her various Toils?
" But ah! what dire Miſhap has thus diſfigur'd
" Thy manly Face? why gape thoſe gaſtly Wounds?
To this he nought returns, nor loſes Time
In trifling Anſwers; but with deep-fetch'd Sighs,
" O fly, he cries, O Son of *Venus*, fly;
" And ſave thy ſelf from theſe devouring Flames:
" Our Foes poſſeſs the Town, and lofty *Troy*
Sinks down to Ruin; well you've paid your Debt
To *Priam* and your Country; where's the Hand
Can prop the falling State, if this could not?
Troy to your Care commits her ſacred Rites,
Her Gods; be theſe th' Aſſociates of your Fortune;
'Till fix'd within ſome ſpacious Town, which you,
After a tedious Courſe at Sea, ſhall found.
He ſpake, and from the inmoſt Temple brought
The ſacred Fillets, *Veſta*'s awful Image,
And that Celeſtial Fire, which never dies.

Mean while a Scene of various Woes appears
In hapleſs *Troy*; the Noiſe of Men, and Claſh
Of ratt'ling Arms, grows nearer ſtill and louder:
And tho' my Father's Houſe retir'dly ſtood
Encompaſs'd round with Trees, yet ſoon I'm rouz'd,
Shake off my Sleep, and gain the higheſt Tow'r;
Thence round I look, and with Attention liſten.
So, when a boiſt'rous Wind drives raging Flames
Through Ranks of ſtanding Corn; or when ſome Flood,
Swell'd by Land-waters from the Mountains round,
Levels whole Fields of ſpringing Grain, deſtroys
The hopeful Labours of the patient Ox,
And tears up Trees that ſtrove to ſtop its Paſſage;
The thoughtleſs Swain, who from ſome neighb'ring Hill
Hears the ſurprizing Noiſe, grows ſtiff with Horror.
For now the *Grecian* Faith is fully ſeen,
And all their Frauds diſclos'd. Devouring Flames

Deïpho-

Deiphobus his noble Palace ſeize,
And ſoon the Maſt'ry get; *Ucalegon*,
His Neighbour, kindles next; whilſt all around
Sigæan Seas reflect the glaring Light.
Mix'd Noiſes now I hear, the Shouts of Men,
And martial Trumpets Sound; to Arms I run,
Scarce knowing why I arm; but fully bent
To raiſe a Band of Soldiers, help my Friends,
And guard the Caſtle; Rage and Anger drive me,
And Honour ſpurs me on to die in Arms.

But ſee! the Son of *Otreus*, *Phœbus'* Prieſt,
Panthæus comes tow'rds me with diſtracted haſte;
The ſacred Reliques in his Arms he bears,
His Gods now conquer'd, and his little Grandſon:
Strait I cry out, "How ſtand Affairs, my Friend?
"What's to be done? What Fortreſs ſhall we ſeize?
Scarce had I ſpoke, when with a Groan he anſwers,
"The laſt and fatal Day of *Troy* is come;
"We were a Nation; *Ilium* was; and once

" Great was the *Trojan* Name; but cruel *Jove*
" Has all transferr'd to *Greece*: The City burns,
" And *Grecians* lord it in the flaming Streets:
" From out the vaſt Machine, ſo raſhly plac'd
" Within our Walls, ruſh Troops of Warriors arm'd:
" Inſulting *Sinon* ſcatters Fire around,
" While through the open Gates the Foe pours in
" By Thouſands, more than e'er *Mycenæ* ſent.
" Some with drawn Swords poſſeſs the narrow Lanes,
" And ſtop each Paſſage; whilſt a dreadful Band,
" On Slaughter bent, brandiſh their glitt'ring Spears
" Scarce do our City-Guards make faint Reſiſtance,
" And blindly ſtrive to ſtem th'impetuous Tide.

Fir'd with theſe Words, and by the Gods inſpir'd
On Flames and Swords I ruſh, where dire *Erinnys*
Had rais'd the greateſt Crowd and loudeſt Noiſe:
Ripheus and *Iphitus* (tho' far in Years)

By Moon-light met me; *Ithamas* and *Dymas*
Their friendly Forces join, and hem me round;
Next young *Chorœbus*, *Mygdon*'s hopeful Son,
Who came to *Troy* led by ill-fated Love
Tow'rds mad *Caſſandra*, Son-in-law to *Priam*;
He paid his Duty by aſſiſtant Troops:
Unhappy Youth! to ſlight his Wife's Predictions,
Nor ſhun his Fate forewarn'd! When theſe I ſaw
Reſolv'd on Fighting, I addreſs'd them thus:
"Brave Men, but brave in vain, if firmly bent
"To follow me, who tempt the utmoſt Dangers;
"You ſee what Face our preſent Fortune wears;
"Our Guardian Gods, by whom this Empire ſtood,
"Have left their Altars: You in vain pretend
"To ſave a burning City; no, my Friends,
"Death is our only Choice; amidſt our Foes
"Let us with Honour ſeek it: Vanquiſh'd Men
"Are only ſafe when they deſpair of Safety.

(turn'd
Theſe Words enflam'd their boiling Blood, and
Their Courage into Rage: Like rav'ning Wolves,
Whom pinching Hunger urges, blind to Danger,
Who range for Prey for their deſerted Whelps,
That wait and thirſt for Blood: So through arm'd
Foes
We ruſh on certain Death, and traverſe o'er
The middle Streets, conceal'd in thickeſt Shades.
What Tongue can tell the Slaughter! and what Eye
Balance with Tears the Horrors of that Night!
Down falls Old *Troy*, that reign'd for many Years
Queen of the Nations round; each publick Street
Is ſtrew'd with uſeleſs Carkaſſes, each Houſe,
And ev'n the ſacred Threſholds of their Gods!

Nor fall the *Trojans* only; tho' o'ercome,
They ſometimes rouze their ſinking Courage, puſh
The *Grecians* with Succeſs, and kill the Conquerors.
Where-e'er we look, the dreadful Scene's compos'd
Of

Of Horror, Woe, and Death in various Shapes.
Of all the *Grecian* Chiefs the firſt we met
Androgeos was, by num'rous Troops attended;
Who ſeeing and miſtaking us for *Greeks*,
Kindly accoſts us thus: "Haſte, haſte, my Friends,
"What Dulneſs makes you linger? Flaming *Troy*
" Sees her rich Plunder ſeiz'd by other Hands,
" While you juſt landed ſeem. He ſpake, but ſtrait
Perceiv'd his Error; for our doubtful Anſwer
Convinc'd him we were Foes: With Horror ſtruck
He ſtrove to ſhun us, and retreat in Silence:
As one who on a Serpent in rough Brakes
Treads with unwary Feet, ſhrinks back for fear,
When that begins to rowze its Rage, and ſwell
Its ſhining Throat; ſo back *Androgeos* ſhrunk,
Aſtoniſh'd at our Preſence: On we ruſh,
Hem the whole Party in, and ſlaughter all,
Not knowing where to fly, and faint with Fear:
Thus Fortune ſmil'd, and grac'd our firſt Attempt.

Choræbus now, proud of his late Succeſs,
And riſing ſtill in Courage, ſays, "My Friends,
"Let us the Track ſhewn by propitious Fate,
"Which leads to Safety, chearfully purſue:
"Our Shields we'll change, and on our Bodies brace
"The *Grecian* Armour; what imports it us,
"If Stratagem or Valour gain the Prize?
"Our ſlaughter'd Foes ſhall arm us. Saying thus,
He ſtrips *Androgeos* of his well-plum'd Cask,
Hangs on his Arm his ſhining Shield, and binds
The *Grecian* Sword cloſe to his manly Thigh.
Ripheus and *Dymas*, and the *Trojan* Youth
Th' Example gladly follow; each puts on
The recent Spoils of War; our ſelves we mix
With *Grecian* Troops, but have no God to friend.
Yet oft we skirmiſh through the gloomy Night,
And many *Greeks* ſend to the Shades below:
Some to their Veſſels, and the neighb'ring Shore,
For Safety fly; ſome quite unman'd with Fear,

The well known Refuge of their curs'd Machine
Re-enter, and lie hid within its Womb.
Ah! what has Man to hope, when Gods oppose!
See with dishevell'd Locks the Royal Maid
Cassandra from *Minerva*'s Temple's dragg'd;
In vain to Heav'n she lifts her sparkling Eyes,
Her Eyes! for Chains oppress her tender Arms:
This Sight enrag'd *Chorœbus* could not bear;
But rushes through the midst of hostile Troops,
And braves his coming Fate: The noble Youth
We follow, and on Woods of Weapons run.

Our Friends, that on the Temple-roof kept Guard,
From thence assault us, and make dreadful havock,
Deceiv'd by our Appearance, borrow'd Arms,
And *Grecian* Plumes: O' t'other Side our Foes,
Griev'd and enrag'd to lose their Virgin Prize,
Around us gather, and at once fall on:
Here *Ajax* rages, here the Sons of *Atreus*,
And here the furious *Dolop*'s num'rous Bands.

So when a Storm divides, the bluſt'ring Winds
Fight oppoſite, from Eaſt and Weſt and South;
The Woods about all creak, the Sea-God foams,
His Trident ſhakes, and turns the Deep quite up(wards

Now thoſe whom we, conceal'd by friendly Night
And by our Plot ſecur'd, had lately driven
Through all the ſpacious Town, afreſh return;
They ſoon deſcry our Shields, our borrow'd Arms,
And mark our Speech ſo diff'rent from their own.
Strait we're oppreſs'd with Numbers. First *Choræbus*
A Victim falls to *Peneleus*, and ſtains
Minerva's Altar with his guſhing Blood:
Next *Ripheus*, who at *Troy* had got the Fame
Of ſtricteſt Juſtice and exacteſt Truth;
But Heav'n thought otherwiſe: Then *Hypanis*,
Then *Dymas*, ſlain by their miſtaken Friends:
Nor could his Virtue or his ſacred Wreath
Defend thy Prieſt, *Apollo*. "Witneſs for me,
"*Troy*'s ſacred Aſhes, and my ſlaughter'd Country-
men,

I shun'd no *Grecian* Weapons when you fell,
Nor sought for Safety; but had Fate decreed
I then should die, I courted Death in Arms.
However I'm forc'd to quit my Post, and with me
Pelias and *Iphitus*; this faint with Age,
That weaken'd by the Wound *Ulysses* gave him.

Led by the Noise of Arms, we strait repair
To *Priam*'s Palace, where we find maintain'd
A furious Combat; as if all the War
Had center'd there, and Death elsewhere been idle:
So fierce the Contest was, the *Greeks* so pressing!
Who join their Shields, and under that Defence
Advance, and fix their Ladders to the Walls;
With their Left Hands they hold their Bucklers high,
And to the Darts oppose them; with their Right
They seize the Rampart's Top. O' t'other Side,
The *Trojans* pull the Tow'rs and massy Roofs
In pieces down (this was their utmost Effort)
And in their last Despair turn them to Weapons:

Nor

Nor ſcape the gilded Beams, thoſe proud Remains
Of their Forefathers Grandeur: Some below
Secure with num'rous Guards the Palace Gates.
This Sight enflam'd my Courage, urg'd me on
To ſave the Royal Houſe, to bring Recruits,
And add freſh Vigour to my conquer'd Friends.

There was a Paſſage through a private Gate,
'Twixt *Priam*'s Court and *Hector*'s, unobſerv'd
By our invading Foes; through which of old
Hapleſs *Andromache*, while Fortune ſmil'd,
Made frequent Viſits to her Royal Parents,
Alone, or only by her Son attended:
This Way I take, and gain the Roof, from whence
The ſtreight'ned *Trojans* hurl'd their uſeleſs Darts:
A lofty Turret rais'd above the reſt,
And open to the Skies, (from whoſe high Top
We us'd to view the *Grecian* Fleet and Camp)
We hew with Hatchets, where the weighty Floor
Moſt loads the yielding Joints; down from its Heigh

We pull, we tumble't on our Foes beneath;
It ſcatters Ruin round, and covers widely
Whole Troops of *Grecians*; but ſtill more come on
To fill the empty Space, midſt Show'rs of Stones,
And Darts, and Weapons of promiſcuous kinds.

Juſt at the Entrance of the outmoſt Gate
Pyrrhus exults, in burniſh'd Armour deck'd,
And ſhakes his glitt'ring Spear: So ſhines the Snake
From pinching Winter's cold Confinement freed;
Which caſts its Skin, refreſh'd with pois'nous Herbs,
And ſtrait grows young again; with Breaſt erect
It wreaths the ſlipp'ry Foldings of its Back,
Basks in the Sun, and brandiſhes abroad
The hiſſing Terror of its three-fork'd Tongue.
With him vaſt *Periphas*, *Automedon*,
The Squire and Charioteer of great *Achilles*,
And all the *Scyrian* Youth, puſh on th'Aſſault,
And jointly hurl their miſſive Flames on high.
He leads the Van, and with a pond'rous Axe

Breaks

Breaks thro' the maſſy Gates, and from their Hinge
The brazen Pillars tears; cuts down the Beams
Of ſeaſon'd Oak, and makes a dreadful Breach.
Now *Priam*'s inward Court, th' auguſt Receſs
Of antient *Trojan* Kings, appears in view,
Where well arm'd Guards expect th' approaching (Storm
Mean while, thro' all the Rooms within, Diſtre
And wild Diſorder reign; with female Shrieks
That rend the Sky each hollow Arch reſounds:
Affrighted Matrons through the large Apartment
Run to and fro, while ſome the Pillars hug
In wild Deſpair, and fix cold Kiſſes on them.
Pyrrhus advances ſtill, a new *Achilles*;
Nor Bars nor Guards can ſtop him; down he throw
The batter'd Gates from their firm Poſts unhing'd:
He enters by main Strength; the reſt ruſh in,
Force ev'ry Paſſage, ſlaughter all they meet,
And fill the Court with Soldiers. With leſs Rage

A ſwelling Torrent, that has broke its Damms,
And conquer'd all that would oppoſe its Paſſage,
With Mountain-waves rolls o'er the neighb'ring Fields,
And ſweeps whole Herds of Cattle, with their Stalls,
In its tumultuous Courſe. I ſaw my ſelf
The dreadful *Pyrrhus*, cover'd o'er with Blood,
Stand in the Palace-Gate, and by his Side
The two *Atridæ*; *Hecuba* I ſaw
Surrounded by twice fifty noble Dames;
And *Priam* near the Altar, where he quench'd,
And with his Blood profan'd, the ſacred Fire
His Piety had kindled. Fifty Chambers,
For fifty marry'd Sons that promis'd fair
A num'rous Iſſue, gorgeouſly adorn'd
With maſſy Gold, the Spoils of barb'rous Foes,
Sink in the common Ruin; and whate'er
The Flames had ſpar'd, th' inſulting *Greeks* poſſeſs.

But

But you, Great Queen, perhaps would gladly hear
A more distinct Account of *Priam*'s Fate.
As soon as he perceiv'd the City taken,
His Palace Gates broke through, and hostile Troops
Within his inmost Court; in vain he tries
(Poor weak old Man!) to fix his rusty Armour,
Long time disus'd, upon his trembling Limbs,
Girds on his useless Weapon, and resolves
Nobly to seek for Death amidst his Foes.

In the Court's Center, open to the Air,
There stood a stately Altar, and just by
An antient well-grown Laurel o'er it hung,
That shelter'd with its Shade the Houshold Gods:
Here *Hecuba*, her frighted Daughters here,
Crowd round the Altar, like a Flock of Doves
Driv'n by a raging Tempest; and in vain
The awful Statues of their Gods embrace.

But when she saw the aged Prince appear
In youthful Armour clad; "Alas! she cries,
"What Madness makes my wretched Husband arm!
"O whither would you press! Distress like ours
"Needs no such Help, nor such a weak Defender!
"No, were my *Hector* living now, and here,
"He could not stem this Tide. Take Shelter with us;
"Together let us here Protection find,
"Or share one common Fate. She spake, and drew
Within the sacred Bounds the hoary Prince,
And next her self she plac'd him: When behold
Polites, *Priam*'s Son, to shun the Sword
Of slaught'ring *Pyrrhus*, through opposing Foes
Flies o'er the empty Courts and cross the Galleries,
Wover'd with Wounds: *Pyrrhus* pursues the Youth
With mortal Rage, almost o'ertakes, and points
His deadly Spear against him; just arriv'd
Within his Parent's sight, down down he falls,
And in a Stream of Blood pours out his Life.
The wretched Father, tho' encompass'd round

With Danger and with Death, forbears not yet
To vent his Paſſion in the ſharpeſt Strains:
" May all the Gods, he cries, if due Regard
" They take of things below, avenge this Crime!
" May they this barb'rous Action well repay,
" And give thee due Rewards! that mak'ſt me view
" My Son's untimely Fate, and with his Death
" Pollut'ſt a Father's Eye! Not ſo *Achilles*,
" Your Father falſly ſtil'd, himſelf behav'd
" Tow'rds me his Foe; but to my ſuppliant Pray'r
" With Juſtice, Faith and Modeſty inclin'd;
" Reſtor'd the Corps of *Hector*, to receive
" Due Fun'ral Rites, and ſent me ſafely home.
So ſpake the good old Prince, and caſt a Dart
With feeble Force, which pierc'd not thro' the Braſs
But hung i'th' outmoſt Cov'ring of his Shield.
To whom thus *Pyrrhus*: " Then go thou and bear
" Theſe Tydings to my Father; let him know
" The ſhameful Acts of his degen'rate Son;
" Howe'er die thou. He ſaid, and dragg'd the King

Trembling

Trembling and sliding on his Son's fresh Blood,
Close to the Altar; in his Silver Hairs
He wreaths his Left Hand, with his Right he lifts
His glitt'ring Sword, and hides it in his Breast.
This was the End of *Priam*, this Event
His baleful Stars assign'd; when first he'd seen
Troy burnt, and all her Honour laid in Dust.
He who once rul'd o'er various Lands and Nations,
And proudly bore the Stile of *Asia*'s King!
His Carkass lies expos'd, his headless Trunk
Unbury'd and unnoted on the Shore.

At this sad Sight ev'n I began to tremble;
Amazement seiz'd me; and my rev'rend Sire
Came fresh into my Mind; when I beheld
The hapless Monarch of an equal Age
Expiring in his Blood; my dear *Creüsa*
By me forsaken, and my ruin'd House,
And young *Iulus*, seem'd to call for Succour.
I look'd all round to see what Friends were left;

But all were gone, o'erſpent with Labour; ſome
Leap'd headlong down, ſome plung'd amidſt the
Flames;
And now alone I ſtood: when ſtrait I ſpy
The fatal Beauty, Cauſe of all our Woes,
Lurking in *Veſta*'s Porch, but not conceal'd
From me, who caſt my buſy Eyes around,
And by the Brightneſs of the Flames deſcry'd her:
She, doubly ſcar'd, the *Trojan* Vengeance fear'd
For *Troy* deſtroy'd; her Country's juſt Revenge,
And injur'd Husband's Rage; convinc'd that ſhe
Had been the common Plague, ſhe skulk'd in private,
And on the Altar ſat, a hated Load:
My Blood began to boil, juſt Anger urg'd me
My ſinking Country's Ruin to avenge,
On her devoted Head: "Shall ſhe return
"In Safety home, and ſee her native Soil?
"In Royal State the *Grecian* Triumph ſhare?
"Embrace her Spouſe, her Parents, and her Children,
"While *Trojan* Dames and *Phrygian* Slaves attend?

"While

" While *Priam* ſlaughter'd lies? while *Ilium* burns?
" And ſtreams of Blood o'er flow the *Dardan* Shore?
" That ſhall not be: For tho' a Woman's Death
" No Honour brings, nor ſuch a Conqueſt Fame;
" To ſcourge the Guilty, and exact juſt Vengeance,
" May merit Praiſe: and 'twill be ſome Delight
" To quench the raging Flames of hot Revenge,
" And with her Blood attone my ſlaughter'd Friends:
While thus I thought, while thus I madly rav'd,
I ſaw my heav'nly Mother, clad in Light,
Which thro' the Darkneſs ſhone; ſhe ne'er before
Appear'd ſo brightly to my longing Eyes,
Diſcloſing all the Goddeſs: Such ſhe ſeem'd,
As when in State ſhe treads the azure Skies,
And dazles all the Gods: My Hand ſhe ſeiz'd,
Unclos'd her roſy Lips, and thus ſhe ſpake:
" Why ſhould your Grief (my Son) tho' juſt, tranſport you
" To this ungovern'd Rage? Why all this Fury?
" Whence this Neglect of your Affairs and mine?

" Your first Concern should be, to haste and save
" Your aged Sire *Anchises*; to enquire
" If yet *Creüsa* lives, your much-lov'd Wife,
" And darling Son *Ascanius*: These are all
" With hostile Bands surrounded; and e'er now
" By Fire or Sword had been consum'd or slain,
" Had I not interpos'd my timely Aid:
" Cease then t' accuse fair *Helen*'s fatal Form,
" Nor blame the *Phrygian* Prince: the angry Gods,
" Not They, have overturn'd this wealthy State,
" And laid proud *Ilium* level with the Ground.
" Behold! for now the Mists that shade your Eyes,
" And with moist Darkness cloud your mortal Sight,
" Shall vanish by my Pow'r: Obey but you
" Your Mother, nor dispute her kind Commands.
" Here, where you see those massy Heaps o'erturn'd,
" Stones torn from Stones, and Smoak with Dust
confounded;
" *Neptune* attacks the Walls; his three-fork'd Mace
" The deep Foundation shakes, and upside down

" Turns

" Turns the whole City: *Juno* there enrag'd,
" And arm'd for Battle, calls her fav'rite Troops
" From out their Ships: *Minerva*, ſee her there,
" Cloath'd with a ſhining Cloud, and holding forth
" *Meduſa*'s dreadful Head, ſits perch'd on high
" Upon the lofty'ſt Tow'r: Ev'n *Jove* himſelf
" Supplies the *Grecian* Troops with Strength and Courage,
" And urges on the Gods againſt the *Trojans*.
" Make haſte (my Son) and fly, contend no more;
" I ſtill will be at hand, your careful Guide,
" And through all Dangers guard you ſafely home.
She ſpake, and vaniſh'd in the Shades of Night.
Strait frightful Forms appear, and warring Gods
Averſe to *Troy*; now *Ilium* ſinks in Flames,
And *Neptune*'s City ſeems one Heap of Ruins:
So, when contending Swains attempt to fell
Some lofty Aſh, that grac'd the Mountains top;
They ply the Axe, and oft repeat their Strokes;
That totters long, and ſhakes its leafy Head,

On all ſides nodding; till at laſt cut through
It groans, and ſcatters wide Deſtruction round.

Now I deſcend, and march thro' Fire and Foes,
Led by my Goddeſs-Mother; as I paſs,
Weapons give way, and Flames retire before me.
But when I reach'd my Father's antient Seat,
He, whom I meant ſecurely to convey
To ſome high neigh'bring Hills, whom firſt I ſought,
Refuſes to prolong his wretched Life,
Since *Troy*'s no more, and live a baniſh'd Man:
"You that are young, he cries, whoſe Blood runs warm,
"And Strength ſtands firm, fly from your threat'ning Fate;
"For me, had Heav'n deſign'd me longer Life,
"Here had I been preſerv'd; too much of Ill
"I've ſeen already, and ſurviv'd my Country:
"Haſte then, be gone, and think you leave me dead;
"For either this Right Hand ſhall quickly end

"My

" My wretched Life, or elſe ſome pitying Foe
" Will do that Office, and poſſeſs my Spoils:
" 'Tis but a trivial Loſs to want a Grave.
" Too many Winters have I linger'd on,
" By Heav'n abhorr'd, and uſeleſs to the World,
" Since *Jove*, the Sire of Gods, and King of Men,
" Did with his thund'ring Tempeſt blaſt my Limbs,
" And ſcorch'd me with his Lightning. Thus reflecting
He ſtood, nor could we ſhake his fix'd Reſolves;
Tho' I, my Wife, my Son, and all our Friends,
With Tears beſought him, not to ruin All,
Himſelf and Us, and join with Fate to cruſh us.
Deaf to our Pray'rs, he ſtill denies to yield,
And ſtiffly keeps his Purpoſe, and his Place.
Urg'd by Deſpair, again I would renew
Th' unequal War, and ruſh on certain Death:
For what could I contrive? what Hope was left?
" Could I go off, and leave my Sire behind?
" Could ſuch Advice drop from a Father's Mouth?

" If

" If angry Gods will no ſmall Remnant ſpare
" Of deſtin'd *Troy*; if 'tis by them decreed
" That you and we muſt ſhare the common Fate;
" Yet ſtill Death's Gate ſtands open to receive us:
" E'er long fierce *Pyrrhus*, red with *Priam*'s Blood,
" The Son's ſtern Butcher in the Father's ſight,
" The Father's at the Altar, will be here:
" Celeſtial Mother! was I ſnatch'd for this
" From Darts and Flames! to ſee th'inſulting Foe
" Within theſe Walls! my Son, my Sire, my Wife,
" Mingling their precious Blood in common Slaughter!
" To Arms, my Friends, to Arms! this fatal Day,
" That ſees us conquer'd, muſt behold us dead:
" Together on the *Grecians* let us ruſh,
" Renew the Fight, and die at leaſt reveng'd.

This ſaid, I girt my Sword, and brac'd my Shield
Cloſe to my Thigh and Arm, and out I march'd:
When lo! my Wife, juſt at the outmoſt Gate
Embrac'd

Embrac'd my Feet, and held *Iulus* tow'rds me:
" If you resolve to die, let us (she says)
" Share all your Dangers; or if yet you hope
" To find Success in Arms, first guard this House;
" Nor leave your aged Father, tender Son,
" And me your once lov'd Wife. She spake, and fill'd
With female Lamentations all the House:
When (wond'rous to relate!) a strange Portent
Surpriz'd us all: for whilst his weeping Parents
Embrac'd and kiss'd the Youth, a tow'ring Light
Was kindled o'er his Head; whose harmless Flames
Just lick'd his Hair, and round his Temples play'd:
We frighted strove to quench his burning Locks,
And sprinkled Water on the sacred Fire:
But sage *Anchises*, in ecstatick Rapture,
His Eyes, his Hands, and Voice lifts up to Heav'n,
And cries, " Almighty *Jove*, if righteous Men
" Can move you by their Pray'rs, regard us now;
" And if our vertuous Conduct merit Favour,

" Vouch-

" Vouchſafe due Aid, and make this Omen good!
Scarce had he ſpoke, when with a ſudden Craſh
It thunder'd on the Left; and down from Heav'n
A gliding Star, which drew a Train of Light,
Shot thro' the Shades of Night: quite o'er the Roof
We ſaw it glide, and mark our deſtin'd Way,
Till *Ida*'s Wood it reach'd; there at full length
It blaz'd, then left behind a ſulph'rous Steam.
Once more my Father lifts his Eyes to Heav'n,
And owns himſelf o'ercome; beſpeaks the Gods
Propitious, and adores the ſacred Star.
" No more Delays, he cries, where-e'er you lead
" I gladly follow; may our Country Gods
" Preſerve our Race, and chiefly guard my Grandſon!
" From them this Omen came, and *Troy* and we
" Are ſtill their Care: Obedient to their Will
" I yield to fly, my Son, and ſhare your Fate.
Scarce had he finiſh'd, when the crackling Flames
With greater Noiſe and Brightneſs near us drew:
" Father, I cry, make haſte, and on my Shoulders

" Safely

Safely repoſe, that Weight can never tire;
Whate'er betides us, you and I will ſhare
One Danger and one Safety; young *Iulus*
Shall be my cloſe Companion, and my Wife
May at ſome diſtance follow; you, my Friends,
Obſerve my Words, and act as I direct:
Without the City, on a riſing Ground,
A Temple ſtands of *Ceres*, old and waſte;
Near that an antient Cypreſs, long preſerv'd
By our Forefather's ſuperſtitious Care:
Thither by diff'ring Ways let all repair;
Be that our Place of meeting. You, Sir, take
The ſacred Reliques, and our Houſhold Gods;
My Touch would but profane them, coming freſh
From War and Blood, till purg'd by running Streams.
This ſaid, I ſpread my Shoulders, bend my Neck,
And Cloak-like throwing o'er a Lion's Skin,
Take up my welcome Burthen: By my ſide
Iulus trips, but with unequal Steps;

Behind

Behind *Creusa* follows: On we pass,
Thro' dusky Roads; and I, who lately scorn'd
Opposing Weapons and whole *Grecian* Bands,
Now tremble at each Breath, each Sound alarms me
Much for my little Traveller concern'd,
More for my sacred Load. And now the Gate
Was near, when I (methought) perceiv'd the Tread
Of many Feet; my Father through the Shade
Looks forth, and cries, "Haste, haste, my Son, the
come:
"I see their shining Shields and brazen Helmets.
At this some envious God, I know not how,
Confounded me with Fear: for whilst I seek
Some private Track, and leave the beaten Road,
My Wife (the sad Remembrance wounds me still)
Or snatch'd by sudden Death, or wand'ring wrong,
Or weary'd out, (I know not which to judge)
Was lost, and never bless'd these Eyes again:
Nor did I miss her, or suspect her lost,
Till we the Mount had reach'd, and *Ceres'* Temple

There

There all the reſt arriv'd; ſhe only wanting
Deceiv'd the Hopes of Husband, Son and Friends.
Whom did my Madneſs ſpare? Nor God nor Man.
What Scene ſo dreadful as this laſt Miſhap
Could ruin'd *Troy* preſent? My darling Son,
My Rev'rend Father, and my Country-Gods,
I to my Friends commit, and ſtow them ſafe
Within a hollow Vale. I back return
To ſearch the City, clad in glitt'ring Arms;
Reſolving to repeat my Dangers paſt,
To traverſe *Troy* quite o'er, and brave all Hazards.
Firſt to the Walls I go, and that dark Gate,
Thro' which I paſs'd, and backwards tread each Step
I took by Night, ſurveying all with Care;
While the deep Silence fill'd my Soul with Horrour:
Thence home I go, to ſee if by ſome Chance,
By ſome good Chance, ſhe thither had return'd:
But there the Foe had been, and ranſack'd all;
Poſſeſs'd the Houſe, and kindled raging Flames,
Which by a riſing Wind were wafted up

Above the lofty Roof, and blaz'd on high:
To *Priam*'s Court and Caſtle thence I rove;
Here, in the ſacred Porch of *Juno*'s Temple,
Phœnix and dire *Ulyſſes* kept their Poſts,
To guard the Plunder; whilſt from diſtant Parts,
The Wealth of *Troy* ſnatch'd from the burning Houſes,
Altars of Gods, with Bowls of maſſy Gold,
And Garments of the Conquer'd, crowd the Room;
Young Boys and frighted Matrons, ſtanding by,
Form'd a large Circle round. Aloud I call'd,
And with ſhrill Clamours vex'd the ſilent Shades,
Repeating oft *Creüſa*, but in vain.
Whilſt thus I mourn'd, and wildly rang'd the Town,
Methought I ſaw *Creüſa*'s Shade or Ghoſt,
Her perfect Form, but larger than the Life;
Amaz'd I ſtarted back, my briſt'ling Hair
Stood ſtiff an end, nor could I ſpeak or breath;
When ſhe accoſts me thus, and ſooths my Cares:
"Why, deareſt Husband, do you thus indulge

Your

" Your lawleſs Grief? The Gods muſt be obey'd;
" By whoſe Decree I am forbid to ſhare
" Your future Toils, and *Jove* has made it Fate:
" Long muſt you wander, many Seas muſt croſs,
" Before you reach *Heſperia*, where rich Fields
" Are waſh'd by *Lydian Tyber*'s gentle Stream:
" There all things will put on an Air of Joy;
" A Kingdom waits you there, and Royal Bride:
" Then ceaſe to weep for me your once lov'd Wife;
" Since I, a *Trojan* Dame, and near ally'd
" To *Venus*, ne'er ſhall view the haughty Seats
" Of *Myrmidons* and *Dolops*; or enſlav'd
" Serve *Grecian* Ladies: In her ſacred Train
" The Mother of the Gods detains me here.
" And now adieu! guard well the mutual Pledge
" Of both our Loves, our Son. She ſaid, and ſtrait,
Whilſt weeping I prepar'd to ſpeak at large,
Left me in Tears, and vaniſh'd into Air.
Three times I ſtrove with longing Arms to claſp
Her lovely Neck; three times the charming Shade,

Embrac'd in vain, deceiv'd my empty Hands,
Like fleeting Air, or light fantaſtick Dreams.

And now the Night being ſpent, I thought it time
To ſeek the Friends I left; where much ſurpriz'd
I found a vaſt Reſort of new Companions;
Matrons, and Men of Note, and warlike Youths,
And poor abandon'd Vulgar, all prepar'd
To try their Fate in Exile; from all Parts
Hither they crowd, reſolv'd with me to ſeek
Their Fortune on the Main; with Courage arm'd,
And Wealth, to ſettle on ſome foreign Shore.

And now the Morning Star began to riſe
On *Ida*'s Top, and uſher'd in the Day:
The *Grecians* (we perceiv'd) had ſeiz'd the Gates,
And guarded ev'ry Paſſage; all our Hopes
Of Help were loſt: I yielded then to Fate,
Took up my antient Sire, and gain'd the Hill.

The End of the Second BOOK.

NOTES ON THE SECOND BOOK.

VER. 9. *What* Myrmidon, *what* Dolop.] Theſe were not only the braveſt, but the moſt fierce and cruel of the *Grecian* Army; unleſs the following ones were worſe, the Soldiers of *Ulyſſes*, a famous Captain among the *Greeks*, and noted for his Prudence and cunning Artifices.

Ver. 97. *And what yet in Bonds he hop'd for.*] The Original —*Quæ ſit fiducia capto*, is otherwiſe render'd by moſt Commentators and Tranſlators; *What Credit can be given to a Captive.* But this ſeems not to anſwer the Deſign, which is to give Encouragement to *Sinon* to relate his Story, nor to come up fully to the Senſe of the Word *Fiducia.*

Ver. 108. *For Treaſon forg'd.*] *Palamede* was falſly accus'd by *Ulyſſes* of holding a Correſpondence with King *Priam*, and to make out his Accuſation, he forged Letters from the King, wherein he return'd him Thanks for his

Intelligence, and intimated, that he had ſent him a Sum of Money: Upon this his Tent was ſearch'd, and the Treaſure found, which had been convey'd thither by *Ulyſſes*; and innocent *Palamedes* was ſtoned by the *Grecians*.

Ver. 132. *And* Atreus' *Sons.*] *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* the chief Commanders of the *Grecian* Army.

Ver. 149. *And Slaughter of a Royal Maid.*] When the *Grecian* Fleet lay wind-bound at *Aulis*, a Port in *Bœotia*; the Oracle declared, that *Iphigenia* the Daughter of *Agamemnon*, muſt be offer'd as a Sacrifice to *Diana*, before the Winds would become favourable, which was thereupon performed, according to our Author. Tho' others affirm that ſhe was ſnatch'd away by *Diana*, and made her Prieſteſs in her Temple at *Tauris*, and that a Fawn was ſubſtituted and ſacrificed in her ſtead.

Ver. 239. *A new Palladium.*] This was the Image of *Pallas*, which was had in high Veneration by the *Trojans*, and in Poſſeſſion of which their Safety conſiſted: Wherefore *Ulyſſes* and *Diomed*, paſſing through ſome of the City Drains, that led into the Caſtle, ſurprized and carried it off, which was the Forerunner of the Deſtruction of *Troy*.

Ver. 248. *On them and theirs.*] I have ventur'd to give this Turn to *noſtros nepotes* in the Original; becauſe *Sinon* had renounced being a *Grecian*, and therefore cannot properly call them *his* Succeſſors; nor indeed is the Senſe ſo diſtinct and clear that way.

Ver. 316. *For ſo the Gods decreed.*] *Caſſandra*, the Daughter of *Priam* and *Hecuba*, was endowed with the Gift of Propheſy by *Phœbus*, upon the condition of gratifying his Love; which refuſing to do when ſhe was poſſeſs'd of the Advantage, the God decreed, that her Propheſies (tho' true) ſhould never be believed; and therefore ſhe was looked upon as diſtracted rather than inſpir'd.

Ver. 574.] *Hapleſs* Andromache.] She was the Wife of *Hector*, who was *Priam*'s Son, and the nobleſt Champion of the *Trojans*; he was kill'd by *Achilles* and his *Myrmidons*

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and dragged at his Chariot-wheels thrice round *Troy*. They had one Son, *Aſtyanax*, who after the Deſtruction of *Troy* was taken out of his Father's Tomb, where his Mother had hid him, and barbarouſly murthered.

Ver. 590. *Pyrrhus.*] Otherwiſe called *Neoptolemus*, the Son of *Achilles*.

Ver. 705. *On the Shore.*] *Priam* was killed, as we are told in the 1*ſt* Book, at the Altar within the Court of the Palace; and therefore this muſt refer to his ill Treatment afterwards, when we muſt ſuppoſe, his Body having the Head cut off from it, was by the barbarous Conquerors thrown upon the Shore.

Ver. 717. *The fatal Beauty.*] *Helen* the Wife of *Menelaus*, who being carried away from her Husband by *Paris* the Son of *Priam*, was the Occaſion of the *Trojan* War.

Ver. 741. *Whilſt thus I madly rav'd.*] The Poet would not ſuffer his Hero to deſign to offer an Injury to a Woman, but in the height of his Grief, under the moſt provoking Circumſtances; and even then aſcribes it to a ſort of Madneſs: So cautious is he in keeping up the *Decorum* of his Character.

Ver. 918. *And never bleſs'd theſe Eyes again.*] That is, not as his *Wife*; for ſhe appear'd to him ſoon after, tho' larger than uſual, and as one that was to be reckoned among the Immortals, being taken into the immediate Service of *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods.

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

BOOK the THIRD.

HEN angry Heav'n thought fit to overturn
The *Asian* State, and cruſh the guiltleſs Race
Of wretched *Priam*; when proud *Ilium* fell,
And *Neptune*'s *Troy* lay ſmoaking on the Ground;
The Gods declare their Will, that we muſt range
Far from our native Soil, as wand'ring Exiles,

In

In ſearch of Lands unpeopled: We obey,
And build a Fleet within *Antandros* Port,
Juſt under *Phrygian Ida*'s Mountain-Shade;
Uncertain to what Coaſts the Fates direct us,
Or where our Courſe muſt end. Together all
We meet; and now the Summer juſt begun,
Anchiſes gives Commands to ſpread our Sails,
And ſeek our Fortune: Then we leave with Tears
Our Native Shore, its Harbours, and the Fields
Where *Troy* once ſtood. I, like a baniſh'd Man,
To Sea betake me, with my Friends, my Son,
My Country Deities, and Houſhold Gods.

Now *Mars*'s Birth-place opens to our view,
A Land of vaſt Extent, by *Thracians* till'd;
Once by *Licurgus* govern'd, fam'd for Arms:
Ally'd long ſince to *Troy*, whoſe Gods they ſhar'd,
Whilſt Fortune ſmil'd: Thither my Courſe I ſteer;
And on the bending Shore with luckleſs Fate
Raiſe my firſt City, borrowing its Name,

Æneadæ, from mine: There ſacred Rites
I to my Mother pay, and to thoſe Gods
That favour'd my Deſign; to *Jove* ſupreme
A milk-white Bull I offer'd on the Shore.
By chance a riſing Ground was near, o'erſpread
With Cornel Shrubs, beneath a Myrtle's Shade,
Whoſe threat'ning Boughs were arm'd with pointed Spears;
Thither I went, and ſtriving to pluck up
Part of the verdant Wood, that with freſh Leaves
I might adorn the Altar, I beheld
A Sight ſo ſtrange, the Tale will ſcarce find Credit.
For the firſt Tree I looſned from its Root
Shed Drops of Blood, and ſtain'd the Ground with Gore;
A trembling Horrour ſeiz'd me, and my Veins
Were chill'd with freezing Fear: Again I try
To pluck another Shrub, and nicely ſearch
The hidden Cauſe; again freſh Drops of Blood
Flow from the broken Plant. Now full of Thought,

The Wood-Nymphs I adore, and Father *Mars*,
Who rules the *Thracian* Fields; beſeeching them
To make theſe Objects proſp'rous, and avert
All fatal Omens. Then once more I ſtrove
With greater Force the pointed Spears to wrench,
And fix'd my Knees firm on the Ground againſt 'em:
(Shall I ſpeak on, or ſtop?) A dreadful Groan
Broke from the Hillock, and theſe Words I heard:
" Why do you thus, *Æneas*, rudely tear
" My harmleſs Limbs? O ſpare a bury'd Wretch;
" No more pollute your ſacred Hands, but leave
" Your Countryman at reſt, a *Trojan* born;
" The Blood you ſee is not the Tree's, but mine:
" Haſte, haſte from hence, where cruel Maxims reign,
" And ſordid Avarice: In me you find
" Th'unhappy *Polydore*, who murther'd lie
" Beneath a Wood of Weapons, now grown up
" A Harveſt (as you ſee) of pointed Spears.
Amazement ſtruck my Soul, my ſtiff'ning Hairs

Like

Like Briſtles ſtood erect; my fault'ring Tongue
Stuck to my Mouth: for ſtrait I call'd to mind,
How *Polydore* was privately convey'd
By *Priam*, and entruſted to the Care
Of *Thracia*'s King; when firſt the *Dardan* Troops
Began to loſe their Ground, and hapleſs *Troy*
Was round begirt with *Græcians*: He, as ſoon
As our Affairs declin'd, and Fortune left us,
With *Agamemnon* and the Conqu'rors joins,
Breaks thro' all ſacred Ties, embrues his Hands
In his Gueſt's Blood, and ſo poſſeſſes all
His Maſs of Wealth. "What will not he commit,
"That makes his Gold his God! My Fear worn off,
To thoſe of greateſt Note, my Father chiefly,
Theſe ſhocking Wonders I relate, and ask
Their joint Advice: They all agree in this,
To ſail with ſpeed, and leave this impious Land,
Profan'd with Breach of hoſpitable Laws.
But firſt, reſolv'd to *Polydore* to pay
Due Fun'ral Rites, a Heap of Earth we raiſe,

His

His artleſs Monument; and to his Ghoſt
Rear graſſy Altars, diſmally adorn'd
With Ribbands of deep Blue, and mourning Cypreſs:
The *Trojan* Matrons round (ſo Cuſtom bids)
Stand with diſhevell'd Treſſes: Next we pour
Cups of warm Milk and conſecrated Blood,
To lure the fleeting Spirit to his Tomb;
Then cloſe the whole with loud repeated Clamours.

And now, as ſoon as we could truſt the Sea,
Made ſmooth by gentle Breezes; and the South
With whiſtling Gales had call'd us forth to ſail;
Our Seamen launch the Veſſels, crowd the Shore,
And leave the Port, and Town, and Land behind.
Off in the Main a ſacred Iſland, dear
To Sea-born *Doris* and *Ægæan Neptune*,
Now ſtands unmov'd, tho' floating long before
Around the diff'rent Shores; till *Phœbus* mov'd
By filial Love, contriv'd to tie it faſt
To *Micone* and *Gyaros*; e'er ſince

'Tis

'Tis firmly fix'd, and ſcorns th' invading Winds.
To this we ſteer; where tir'd with former Toils,
We find with Joy a ſafe and quiet Harbour.
We land, and to *Apollo*'s City pay,
Our due Reſpect: King *Anius* meets us here,
King of the Country, and *Apollo*'s Prieſt;
With holy Fillets crown'd, and ſacred Lawrel;
And owns *Anchiſes* for his antient Friend.
We join our friendly Hands, and freely ſhare
Their hoſpitable Roofs: I enter ſtrait
Apollo's Temple, built of laſting Stone,
And worſhip there the God. "O Thou, whom we
"In *Thymbrian* Fields adore, afford ſome Place
"That we may call our own; fatigu'd with wan-
dring,
"Houſes we beg, and Families, and Towns,
"Where ſettled we may reſt: Preſerve what's left
"Of *Troy*, the poor Remains of *Grecian* Rage,
"And ſtern *Achilles*. Who ſhall be our Guide?
"Say, whither muſt we ſail? Where end our
Courſe?

"In

" Inſtruct us, Father, by ſome pregnant Sign,
" And with thy ſacred Light inform our Souls.
Scarce had I ſpoke, when all things ſeem to tremble;
The Temple Gates, the Lawrel of the God,
And ev'n the Mountain ſhook; the ſacred Veil
With jarring Sound flew backwards, and diſclos'd
The Shrine within: We on our Faces fall,
Submiſly kiſs the Ground, and hear theſe Words:
" *Trojans*, inur'd to Toils, the Land which firſt
" Produc'd your Anceſtors, ſhall you receive
" Within its fertile Womb; with Care ſearch out
" Your antient Mother: There the glorious Race
" Of Prince *Æneas* ſhall the World command,
" From Son to Son, a long Deſcent of Kings.
So *Phœbus* ſpake; and with tumultuous Joy
We all enquire what Place the God deſign'd;
Where he directs our wand'ring Troops to fix;
Or whither to return. *Anchiſes* then,
Revolving in his Mind the dark Records
Of antient Times, cries out; " Attend, my Friends,

" And

" And learn from me what 'tis you have to hope for.
" *Jove*'s Island, *Crete*, within the Mid-land Sea,
" Where *Ida*'s Mountain stands, the *Trojan* Race
" Their Parent-Country owns; whose Bounds contain
" An hundred stately Towns and fruitful Realms:
" From whence (if what I've heard I well remember)
" Long since our antient Grandsire *Teucer* sail'd,
" And on *Rhætean* Shores his Empire founded;
" Before proud *Ilium* or the lofty Tow'rs
" Of *Pergamus* were built; the humble Vales
" Were then their Dwelling; thence the Worship came
" Of *Cybele*, great Mother of the Gods,
" Her sounding Cymbals, and her frantick Priests;
" Hence *Ida*'s Mountain, and her Feasts perform'd
" With awful Silence; hence the harness'd Lions
" That draw her Chariot: Courage then, my Friends;

" Let's

" Let's follow where the Gods direct and lead;
" Attone the Winds, and ſeek the *Gnoſſian* Coaſt:
" Nor is it diſtant far; let *Jove* befriend us,
" And in three Days we'll reach the *Cretan* Shore.
He ſpake, and with their proper Victims crown'd
The ſev'ral Altars: Firſt a Bull to *Neptune*,
Another to bright *Phæbus*; to the Pow'rs
That over Storms preſide a cole-black Ewe,
And to propitious Winds its Milk-white Fellow.

Fame now reporting, that *Idomeneus*
Was from his Father's Kingdom lately driven,
And deſtitute had left the *Cretan* Coaſts,
The Houſes empty, unpoſſeſs'd the Land;
We leave *Ortygia*'s Harbour, and at Sea
Make wond'rous Progreſs: *Naxos* we paſs by,
Whoſe Hills reſound with Bacchanals; *Donyſa*
That's always green; *Olearos* and *Paros*
With ſhining Marble grac'd; the *Cyclades*
Diſpers'd throughout the Main; then paſs thoſe Seas;

Where

Where num'rous Iſlands choak the ſtraitned Channel.
Mean while the Seamen vye, with noiſy Shouts
Encouraging each other, to regain
Crete and our Anceſtors: A proſp'rous Gale
Blows from the Poop, and drives us briskly on,
Till ſoon we ſafely reach the *Cretan* Shore.

Here fully bent to fix, I raiſe the Walls
Of my intended City; call its Name
Pergamea, and my Companions urge
(Pleas'd with that Name) Houſes to build and Forts.
And now our Ships were all well nigh drawn up,
And moor'd on the dry Shore; our luſty Youths
Of Spouſals and of new Plantations talk'd;
Whilſt I fram'd Laws, and each Man's Lot aſſign'd.
When ſtrait the Air corrupted bred a Plague,
Which ſeiz'd the Trees, the Corn, and ev'n the Men
With dire Contagion; and the mortal Seaſon
Diſpers'd a languiſhing Infection round:
Some ſunk down dead, ſome dragg'd their feeble (Limbs
With

With Pain; mean while the raging Dog-ſtar burnt
The barren Fields; the Graſs and Herbs were ſcorch'd,
And the ſick Harveſt wholeſome Food deny'd.
My Father gives Advice, that I return
By Sea to *Delos*, and the Will explore
Of *Phœbus*: What Event the God aſſigns
To our perplex'd Affairs; what helping Hand
Muſt eaſe us in our Troubles; and which way
He'd have us ſteer our Courſe. Now Night came on,
And Sleep was o'er the Face of Nature ſpread:
Whilſt in my Bed I lay, the ſacred Forms
Of Heav'nly Pow'rs and *Phrygian* Houſhold Gods,
Which, reſcu'd from the Flames of burning *Troy*,
Sail'd with me, ſeem'd to ſtand before my Eyes;
Diſtinguiſh'd plainly by a Gleam of Light,
Where unſhut Windows let the Moon-beams in;
Who thus beſpake me, and aſſwag'd my Cares:
" What *Phœbus* would, had you to *Delos* ſail'd,
" By us he tells, and ſends the Meſſage home:

" When *Troy* was burnt, we choſe to follow you,
" And ſhare your Fortune; we through ſtormy Seas
" Have been your kind Companions; and in time
" Will raiſe your Grandſon's Glory to the Skies,
" And make your City Miſtreſs of the World:
" Prepare to raiſe ſuch Buildings, as may ſuit
" Such vaſt Events; nor let your toilſome Wand'rings
" Tire out your Patience; you muſt ſtill change Seats;
" The *Delian* God deſign'd not this Abode,
" Nor meant that you ſhould fix your Dwelling here.
" A Place there is, *Heſperia* call'd by *Greeks*,
" An antient Land, for War and Plenty fam'd;
" Th' *Notrians* once poſſeſs'd it, but of late
" They ſtile themſelves *Italians*, (ſo Fame tells)
" And from their Captain's Name derive their own.
" This is our proper Seat; from hence came forth
" *Iaſius* and *Dardanus*, our antient Sires
" Of longeſt Date, and Founders of our Race.

" Ri

" Riſe then, and of theſe certain Truths with Joy
" Inform your aged Father; ſail with ſpeed
" Tow'rds *Italy*, ſince *Jove* forbids you *Crete*.
At this Appearance and theſe Words amaz'd,
(For 'twas no Dream, but plainly I perceiv'd
Their awful Forms, their Hair with Fillets dreſt,
And each diſtinguiſh'd Feature; Drops of Sweat
O'er all my Body coldly trickling down;)
Out of my Bed I leap, and lift tow'rds Heav'n
My ſuppliant Hands and Voice; and on the Altar
Lay pure Oblations: This Devotion paid,
Anchiſes I acquaint with what had paſt,
And tell him all the Viſion. He confeſs'd
The doubtful Pedigree and double Line,
And own'd himſelf deceiv'd by modern Names
Of antient Countries; then informs me thus:
"My Son, who ſhar'ſt th' unhappy Fate of *Troy*,
" *Caſſandra* once in private did foretell
" Theſe ſtrange Events; and now I call to mind
" That all theſe Toils were deſtin'd for our Race:

" *Heſperia* oft, and oft *Italian* Realms
" She raving nam'd: But who could then have thought,
" That *Trojans* to *Heſperian* Shores ſhould ſail?
" Or who the Virgin Propheteſs believ'd?
" Let us obey the God; and well adviſ'd
" With better Counſel guide our future Travels.
Thus he propos'd, and gladly all conſent.
This Place we quit, and leave ſome few behind;
Then ſail, and ſwiftly cut the yielding Surges.

Soon as we gain'd the Main, and loſt the Sight
Of Land, when nought appear'd but Seas and Skies,
A miz'ling Show'r I felt, which uſher'd in
Darkneſs and Tempeſts; ſtrait the Sea obſcur'd
Grew frightful; whiſt'ling Winds turn'd up the Deep,
And ſwell'd the troubled Waves; the Fleet diſpers'd,
Is to and fro, o'er all the Ocean toſs'd;
Thick Miſts o'ercaſt the Sky; a foggy Night

Hides

Hides all the Face of Heav'n; while frequent Flaſhes
Of Lightning break the Clouds with horrid Glare:
We loſe our Courſe, and blindly range the Seas.
Not *Palinurus* could diſtinguiſh now
'Twixt Night and Day, nor knew which way to
ſteer.
Thus three whole Sunleſs Days and Starleſs Nights
We drive at random. But the dawning Light
Of the fourth Morning ſhew'd us Land in view,
And op'ning Hills, and riſing Clouds of Smoke:
We furl our Sails, and briskly ply our Oars;
Cut through the frothy Waves, and plow the Main.
I make the neareſt Shore I can, and land
Amongſt the *Strophades*, a *Grecian* Name
For Iſlands in the vaſt *Ionian* Sea,
Where dire *Celæno*, with her hated Crew
Of rav'nous Harpies, ſettled her Abode;
E'er ſince the Sons of *Boreas* reſcu'd *Phineus*,
And drove them frighted from his Houſe and Board.
More dreadful Monſters, or more cruel Plagues,

Were never from Infernal Lakes detatch'd,
And ſent by angry Gods to ſcourge Mankind:
A Virgin's Face they had, with Wings beneath,
A vaſt and ſquallid Paunch, long crooked Nails,
And Hunger painted in their meager Looks.
Here as the Port we enter'd, we perceiv'd
Herds of fat Oxen grazing on the Plains,
And Flocks of Goats, without a Keeper, browzing:
We with drawn Weapons chaſe them, and invite
The Gods and *Jove* himſelf to ſhare our Prey:
Then on the bending Shore, prepare with ſpeed
Tables and Seats, and on freſh Dainties feaſt.
Now unexpectedly the Harpies fierce
With dreadful Swiftneſs from the Hills deſcend,
And ſhake their clatt'ring Wings with horrid Noiſe;
They ſnatch our Food, and ev'ry thing defile
With loathſome Touch, while ſtunning Shrieks and Screams
Encreaſe the Horrour of their pois'nous Stench.
Hence we remove, and in a diſtant Shade,

Beneath

Beneath a hollow Rock encompaſs'd round
With thick-ſet Trees that form'd a dusky Arbour,
Again we ſpread our Tables, and again
The ſacred Fires renew; when ſtrait behold
From diff'ring Quarters, where unmark'd they lurk'd,
A noiſy freſh Recruit attacks our Prey,
And all our Food pollutes. I then command,
That each ſhould take his Weapon, and wage War
With that pernicious Race: they all obey,
And in the Graſs their Swords and Shields conceal:
Then, when the Noiſe of their Deſcent was heard
O'er all the winding Shore, with Trumpet-ſound
Miſenus from on high the Signal gives;
New Wars we all attempt, and with our Swords
Aſſault theſe noiſome Daughters of the Sea:
In vain our Efforts, ſince againſt our Stroaks
Their Plumes were proof, their Backs ſecure from Wounds:
Swiftly they mount aloft, and leave behind

Our Meat half eaten, and their foul Remains.
Celæno only ſtaid, and, perch'd on high,
Thus from a craggy Rock foretold our Fate
With horrid Augury: "Ye Men of *Troy*,
"Is't not enough that you've our Cattle ſlain?
"Will you by War unjuſtly wag'd attempt
"To drive my harmleſs Subjects from their home?
"Then hear theſe Words, and fix them in your Minds,
"Which *Jove* to *Phœbus* told, and he to me,
"And I the Queen of Harpies tell to you.
"Tow'rds *Italy* you ſteer, and fav'ring Winds
"Shall thither waft you to your wiſh'd-for Port:
"But e'er your deſtin'd City Walls you build,
"A dreadful Famine ſhall in juſt Revenge
"Of theſe your barb'rous Wrongs conſtrain you all
"To turn your very Tables into Food.
She ſpake, and to the neighb'ring Wood retir'd.

(Fear,
And now my Friends were ſeiz'd with ſudden
Their Blood was all congeal'd, their Spirits ſunk;
No more on War they think, but beg for Peace
With Vows and Pray'rs; whate'er theſe Monſters be,
Or heav'nly born, or Birds obſcene of Hell.
But ſage *Anchiſes*, ſtanding on the Shore,
With out-ſtretch'd Hands invokes th' Almighty
Pow'rs,
And due Devotion pays. "Forbid, ye Gods,
"Theſe threatned Ills, he cries; avert this Fate;
"And well atton'd your Votaries protect.
Then he commands, to haul on board from Shore
Our loos'ned Cables: Strait a Southern Gale
Fills our ſtretch'd Sails; the foaming Waves we cut,
As Wind and Weather, and the Pilot guide us.

Wood-crown'd *Zacynthus* in Mid-ſea appears,
Dulichium, *Same*, and the riſing Cliffs
Of *Neritos*; we paſs *Laertes* Realms,

Eſcape

Eſcape the Rocks of *Ithaca*, and curſe
The fatal Iſle which dire *Ulyſſes* bred;
Then the *Leucatian* Hills with cloudy Brow,
And Mount *Apollo*, which the Seamen dread.
Quite tir'd with wand'ring, now we ſeek Repoſe;
And finding here a Town of ſmall Extent,
Caſt Anchors from the Prow, and moor our Ships.
And now beyond our Hopes poſſeſs'd of Land,
We ſacrifice to *Jove*, and at his Altar
Both Pray'rs and Incenſe offer. Then our Youth
Practice their *Trojan* Games on *Actian* Ground:
They ſtrip ſtark naked, and with ſuppling Oil
Their Bodies 'noint, and uſe their Country
Wreſtlings;
Pleas'd to have paſs'd ſo many *Grecian* Towns,
And ſail'd in Safety through ſurrounding Foes.

Mean while the Sun compleats his Yearly Courſe,
And Winter, uſher'd in by Northern Blaſts,
O'er freezing Streams ſpreads forth her Icy Wings.

A brazen Shield, by mighty *Abas* born,
I to the Gates affix, with this Inſcription
To make my Meaning known: "Behold the Arms
"Which from the conqu'ring *Greeks Æneas* won!
This done, by my Command they quit the Port,
Sit down and ply their Oars; with emulous haſte
All for the Maſt'ry ſtrive, and bruſh the Sea.

Soon the *Phæacian* Tow'rs, which threat the Skies,
Are out of ſight; along th' *Epirot* Shore
We coaſt, and enter the *Chaonian* Haven,
And to *Buthrotus'* lofty Walls aſcend:
Here a Report we meet, ſo wond'rous ſtrange,
It ſcarce could gain Belief; that *Helenus*,
The Son of *Priam*, *Grecian* Cities rul'd;
Poſſeſs'd the Throne and nuptial Bed of *Pyrrhus*,
The Son of ſtern *Achilles*; and once more
Andromache had found a *Trojan* Spouſe.
Amaz'd at this, and longing much to ſee
My antient Friend, and learn theſe ſtrange Events;

My

My Ships, the Harbour, and the Shore I leave.
It happen'd at this time, that in a Grove
Without the Town, and near a Stream that bore
The Name of *Simois*, *Andromache*
Was ſacrificing to her Husband's Shade
The annual Victims; and a Fun'ral Feaſt
Prepar'd, to treat th'invited Ghoſts; hard by
The empty Structure of Great *Hector*'s Tomb,
Which ſhe of freſh and living Turf had rear'd:
Near this two conſecrated Altars ſtood,
The doleful Cauſe of her repeated Tears.
When with Amazement ſhe beheld me coming,
And view'd the *Trojan* Enſigns, wonder-ſtruck
She ſtiffen'd at the Sight; her Limbs grow cold,
She faints, and ſcarce at length thus falt'ring ſpeaks:
"O Goddeſs-born! Is what I gaze on true?
"Your Face? Your Shape? Or do my Eyes deceive
me?
"Are you yet living? Or, if dead, O ſay
"Where is my *Hector*? Speaking thus ſhe wept,

And

And fill'd the Air with Clamours: I diſturb'd,
To her wild Queſtions give a ſhort Reply,
And ſtammer out this Anſwer: "Yes, I live,
" But lead a Life of Toil; no longer doubt,
" For what you ſee is real. But what Fate
" Attends the Widow of ſo great a Husband?
" Has Fortune to your Merits yet been juſt?
" Or is the Relict of that glorious Man,
" *Hector*'s *Andromache*, conſtrain'd to fill
" The Bed of *Pyrrhus*? She with down-caſt Eyes,
Low'ring her Voice, return'd this modeſt Anſwer:
" O only happy Thou above the reſt,
" Daughter of *Priam*! who wert doom'd to fall
" A Victim on thy Foes proud Monument,
" Before *Troy*'s lofty Walls! No fatal Lot
" Could doom thee to thy conqu'ring Maſter's Bed!
" Whilſt I through various Seas a Wand'rer roam,
" Forc'd from my ruin'd Country; and ſuſtain
" All the rude Inſults of th' *Achillean* Race,
" And of the fierce Young Man, to whom I bare

" In

" In Baniſhment a Son; he left me ſoon,
" To court *Hermione* of *Leda*'s Race,
" And wed a *Spartan* Wife; whilſt me his Slave
" He to his Captive *Helenus* reſign'd:
" But when *Oreſtes*, raging for the Loſs
" Of his lov'd Bride, and ſtung with inward Guilt,
" Attach'd him unawares, and with his Blood
" Bedew'd the *Grecian* Altars; by his Death
" Part of the Kingdom fell to *Helenus*;
" Who all the Land and Realm *Chaonia* call'd,
" From *Trojan Chaon*; *Pergamus* he built,
" And on this Mountain rear'd the *Ilian* Tow'r.
" But where have you been driv'n? what Fortune met?
" Or what kind Pow'r has brought you to this Shore,
" Unknown, unſought by you? How fares your Son?
" Does he yet live, yet breath this vital Air,
" Both yours and *Troy*'s Delight? Does he regret
" His Mother's Loſs? Does his young Courage boil

" With

" with manly Ardour? and his Birth excite him,
" T' outdo the Patterns of his glorious Race,
" His Sire *Æneas*, and his Uncle *Hector*?
Weeping ſhe ſpake, and then continu'd ſtill
To ſhed her fruitleſs Tears; when from the Town
The Son of *Priam*, *Helenus*, arriv'd,
A num'rous Train attending: Strait he owns
His Countrymen, conducts us to the Town,
And mingles Tears with ev'ry Word he ſpeaks.
Along with him I go, and *Troy* behold
In Miniature; here little *Pergamus*,
Which counterfeits the great one; there a Brook
Narrow and dry, but grac'd with *Xanthus'* Name;
Here *Scæan* Gates I view, and hug their Poſts.
Jointly with me my *Trojan* Friends enjoy
Their Kindred-City: Them the King receives
Within a ſpatious Hall, where coſtly Wines
Flow round, and choiceſt Delicates are ſerv'd
On Golden Diſhes; each his Goblet holds
Fill'd with the cheering God. Now many Days

Were

Were paſt, and fav'ring Winds from Southern Climes
Call us on board, and fill our ſwelling Sails;
When thus the Prophet's Counſel I implore:
" Native of *Troy*, Interpreter of Heav'n,
" Who underſtand'ſt *Apollo*'s dark Decrees,
" The *Tripods*, *Clarian* Lawrels, and the Stars,
" The Voice and Aug'ries of the feather'd Kind;
" Inform me; ſince propitious Omens ſhew
" What Courſe I ought to ſteer, and all the Gods
" By their Commands to *Italy* direct,
" Where I'm to find my deſtin'd Journy's End;
" *Celæno* only threats a dreadful Fate,
" And ſtrange Miſchance foretels; that we muſt bear
" The Wrath of Heav'n, expreſs'd in meager Famine.
" What threat'ning Dangers ſhall I chiefly ſhun?
" Or what ſucceſsful Method ſhall I take,
" To ſtem ſuch Hardſhips? He, t'attone the Gods
Young Bullocks ſacrific'd, th' accuſtom'd Off'ring;
The ſacred Fillets round his Head unty'd;

And led me to *Apollo*'s awful Shrine,
Trembling with Rev'rence: Strait the Prieſt inſpir'd
And full of *Phœbus*, thus declar'd his Will:
" O Son of *Venus!* ſince I'm well confirm'd
" By certain Omens, that you ſtill muſt plow
" The foaming Waves; this Lot the King of Gods,
" This Chance aſſigns, this Courſe the Fates pre-
ſcribe;
" From a vaſt Heap of Matter take theſe Hints;
" By which with greater Safety you may paſs
" The ſtormy Seas, and reach th' *Italian* Port:
" The Fatal Siſters, and *Saturnian Juno*,
" Forbid me to ſay more. Firſt then obſerve,
" Th' *Italian* Port, which now you think ſo near,
" Miſtaken Prince, and judge it juſt at hand,
" Is diſtant far; and many diff'rent Realms,
" And of Acceſs uneaſy, lie between:
Before you reach it, through *Sicilian* Seas
Your Oars muſt ply, and round th' *Auſonian* Coaſts
Your Veſſels ſail; Infernal Lakes you firſt

" Muſt viſit, and *Æaan Circe*'s Iſle;
" E'er you the promis'd City's Walls can rear
" Securely ſettled. This ſhall be the Sign,
" Remember it with Care; Where-e'er you find
" A large white Sow, the Dam of thirty Young,
" Stretch'd on the Ground beneath a ſpreading Oak,
" And near a private Stream, her Brood all white;
" There ſhall you found your City, there enjoy
" Reſt from your Toils. Nor fear the diſmal Threat
" Of feeding on your Tables; Fate will find
" Some way to ſolve that Riddle; and the God
" That *Delphos* rules, implor'd, will ſtand your Friend.
" But ſhun thoſe Lands, and near *Italian* Shores,
" which border on theſe Seas; the *Greeks* your Foes
" Poſſeſs them all: *Narician Locrians* here
" Have built a City; and *Salentine* Fields,
" O'erſpread with num'rous Troops, by Force obey
" *Idomeneus* of *Crete*: Here ſtand the Walls
" Of ſmall *Petilia*, rais'd by *Philoctetes*,

" The

" The *Melibœan* Chief. When ſhunning theſe
" Your Fleet has croſs'd the Seas, and on the Shore
" You Altars build, to pay your ſolemn Vows;
" Then let a Purple Veil hang o'er your Eyes;
" Leſt while with ſacred Fires the Gods you worſhip,
" Some hoſtile Face appear, and diſcompoſe
" Your ſolemn Rites: Be This by you and yours
" Religiouſly obſerv'd, and handed down
" To Ages yet to come: But when you ſail
" Near the *Sicilian* Coaſts, and ſee the Straits
" Of cloſe *Pelorum* open to your View;
" Strike to the Left, and that way ſteer your Courſe,
" Though far about; avoid the Right Hand Shore,
" And neighb'ring Seas: for by an Earthquake's Force
" From the main Land theſe Places were disjoin'd;
" (Such ſtrange Events can Length of Time produce!)
" One Continent they were; till rowling Seas
" Burſt in between, and with impetuous Rage

" Tore off *Trinacria* from th'*Italian* Shore;
" The Fields and Cities, broken from the Land,
" Are by a narrow Channel now divided:
" Here *Scylla* on the Right, and on the Left
" *Charybdis* loudly roars; a Whirlpool thrice
" Sucks down the ſwelling Waves as low as Hell,
" Then throws them up to Heav'n, and braves the Stars.
" Cloſe in a hollow Cavern *Scylla* dwells,
" With wide diſtended Jaws, and draws the Ships
" To daſh on pointed Rocks; her upward Parts,
" Her Face, her Breaſt, and all above her Waſt,
" A Virgin fair reſemble; but below,
" A monſt'rous Whale ends in a Dolphin's Tail;
" And barking Wolves ſeem kennell'd in her Womb.
" 'Tis ſafer by *Pachynum*'s Rocks to ſail,
" And ſlowly take a Compaſs; than to ſee
" That hideous Monſter in her ſpatious Cave,
" And hear the Howlings ecchoing thro' her Den.
" Beſides, if *Helenus* can ought foreſee,

" If I deſerve Belief, if *Phœbus* deigns
" T'inſpire my Breaſt with Truth; O Goddeſs-born,
" One thing in chief remember; nor can I
" Advice of ſo much weight repeat too often;
" To *Juno* firſt your fervent Pray'rs addreſs;
" To her make willing Vows; and Off'rings rich
" Bring ſuppliant to her Shrine, to melt the Goddeſs:
" So ſhall you leave *Trinacria* far behind,
" And crown'd with Conqueſt reach th'*Italian* Shore.
" When landing there, you viſit *Cuma*'s Town,
" The ſacred Lakes, and dire *Avernus*' Stream,
" Reſounding thro' the neighb'ring Woods; you'll ſee
" The raging Propheteſs diſpenſing Fate
" Within a rocky Cave, and marking down
" Events and Names of moment on looſe Leaves:
" Theſe fill'd with ſacred Verſe ſhe duly ranks,
" And in a cloſe Retirement lays them by;
" Where they unmov'd remain, nor change their Place

" Nor Order, till ſome Wind by Chance gets in
" Through op'ning Doors, and moves the tender Leaves:
" She takes no care to ſtop the flying Scrolls,
" To range them right, or join them to each other.
" Some for her ſlow Reſolves refuſe to wait,
" And ſlight the *Sybil*'s Cave; but grudge not you
" A due Attendance; tho' your raſh Companions
" Blame your Delay; tho' favourable Gales
" Should court your Sails, and fill the ſwelling Canvaſs;
" Howe'er accoſt the Propheteſs, and beg
" From her own Mouth to hear your future Fate.
" From her you'll learn, what various Nations ſwarm
" Throughout th'*Italian* Coaſts; what Wars attend you,
" And how to ſhun or bear each threat'ning Storm.
" Treat her with due Reſpect; and in return
" She'll guide your Courſe, and make your Paſſage ſafe.

" I

" I can no more; here my Commiſſion ends:
" Go on with Courage, and with noble Deeds
" Exalt to Heav'n the Glorious Name of *Troy*.
Thus the ſage Prophet ends his friendly Speech;
Then orders precious Gifts of maſſy Gold,
Inlaid with Iv'ry, to be ſent on board;
Vaſt Silver Wedges in our Veſſels ſtows,
Dodonean Caldrons, and a Coat of Mail
With Ringlets cloſe and triple Twiſts of Gold;
A Helmet's noble Creſt and waving Plumes,
The Arms of *Pyrrhus*. Nor forgets to make
Large Preſents to my Father. Then ſupplies
Horſes, and Officers, and able Seamen
To ply the Oars, and Arms to all that want.

Mean while *Anchiſes* gives the *Trojans* charge
To fix their Sails, that when the Wind preſents
No Time be loſt; To him with high Reſpect
Thus ſpake *Apollo*'s Prieſt: " Renown'd *Anchiſes*,
" Much honour'd Partner of the *Cyprian* Bed,

" Peculiar Care of Heav'n, from ruin'd *Troy*
" Twice reſcu'd; ſee, th' *Italian* Shore's at hand,
" To that direct your Courſe; but yet the Fates
" Ordain, that you muſt paſs beyond it ſtill,
" And wander long at Sea; the Coaſt aſſign'd
" By *Phœbus* lies far diſtant. Go, and proſper,
" Thrice bleſs'd in ſuch a pious Son! But why
" Do I ſtill talk, and ſtop the riſing Gale?
Andromache, concern'd to ſee us part,
Preſents *Aſcanius* with rich Tiſſue Veſts,
Emboſs'd with Gold; a flowing *Phrygian* Robe,
Becoming ſuch a Wearer; Silks of Price,
Embroider'd by her Hand; and thus beſpeaks him.
" Sweet Youth, receive theſe Gifts; ſince wrought by me,
" Be theſe firm Pledges of the laſting Love
" Of *Hector*'s Spouſe; receive theſe laſt Reſpects
" From us your Friends, thou only Image left
" Of my *Aſtyanax*! ſuch were his Eyes,
" His Motions, and his Face! and had he liv'd,

" Such

" Such would his Age have been! At this my Tears
Began to flow, and thus I took my leave:
" Live long, O happy Pair! whoſe Toils are paſt,
" Whoſe Fortune's fix'd; whilſt we are doom'd to try
" More various Chances: You the Port have gain'd,
" No Seas have you to paſs, in doubtful queſt
" Of *Latian* Shores, which ſtill delude our Search:
" Here a new *Xanthus*, and a *Troy* you ſee
" Built by your ſelves; I hope, with better Fate,
" Leſs to the *Greeks* obnoxious. If I live
" To view proud *Tyber* and the neighb'ring Fields,
" And build the City deſtin'd to my Race;
" Then ſhall our People, antiently ally'd,
" Yours of *Epirus*, of *Heſperia* mine,
" Like neighb'ring Nations, both from *Dardan* ſprung,
" Both with like Fortunes toſs'd; unite their Loves
" In ſtricteſt Bands, and make one *Troy* of two.
" Be this the Care of Ages yet to come!

Now

Now ſailing on, hard by *Ceraunian* Rocks
We paſs; from whence to *Italy* our Courſe
Directly ſtands, and ſhorteſt Cut by Sea.
Mean while the Sun deſcends, and riſing Shades
O'ercaſt the Mountains; we repair to Land,
And by a gentle Stream well-pleas'd lie down;
Our Veſſels guard by Lot; whilſt on the Shore
We due Refreſhments take, and balmy Sleep
Steals on our weary Limbs. As yet the Night,
Tho' preſs'd by flying Hours, was ſcarce half ſpent;
When active *Palinurus* leaves his Reſt,
Explores the Winds, and liſtens to each Breeze;
Marks ev'ry Star, that through the ſilent Sky
Glides on inſenſibly; *Arcturus* firſt,
Then watry *Hyads*, and the double Bear,
And arm'd-in-Gold *Orion*: When he ſaw
The Heavens ſerene, and all things promiſe well,
He gave th'appointed Signal; we decamp,
Purſue our Voyage, and ſpread all our Sails.

And now the roſy Morn had chas'd the Stars;
When we diſcern far off the miſty Hills
And humble Vales of *Italy*; and firſt
Achates cry'd out *Italy!* the reſt
With joyful Acclamations all repeat
The Name of *Italy!* *Anchiſes* then
Crowns a capacious Goblet fill'd with Wine;
And ſtanding up invokes the heav'nly Pow'rs.
" Ye Gods, that rule the Sea, and Land, and Storms!
" O grant a proſp'rous Voyage, and afford
" A favourable Gale! To freſhen ſtrait
Th' expected Wind began; our wiſh'd for Port
Appears now plain, and nearer to our View;
And on a graceful Height *Minerva*'s Fane:
We furl our Sails, and turn our Prows to Land.

The winding Harbour like a Bow is bent
By force of Eaſtern Floods, that foam, and daſh
Againſt th'oppoſing Shore their briny Waves;

The

The Port it ſelf lies hid; two tow'ring Rocks
Stretch down their Arms, and form a double Wall;
Whilſt from the Shore the Temple ſtands aloof.
Here the firſt Omen of our Fate we took
From four white Horſes, in a ſpacious Field
Feeding at large: Strait old *Anchiſes* cries,
" War our new Country brings; the gen'rous Steed
" Is arm'd for War; theſe Horſes threaten War:
" But yet ſometimes ev'n theſe ſubmit to draw
" The eaſy Chariot, and agree to bear
" The Curb, the Harneſs, and the pond'rous Axle;
" Then ſtill there's Hope of Peace. We now implore
The Aid of *Pallas*, Patroneſs of War,
Whoſe Temple's Proſpect firſt inſpir'd our Joy.
Remembring then th' important ſage Advice
Of *Helenus*, we at the Altar pay
To *Argian Juno* her accuſtom'd Rites,
Our Heads quite cover'd with a *Phrygian* Veil.
Nor ſtay we long, but our Devotions ended,
Direct our Sail-yards to another Point,

From

From hence *Tarentum*'s Bay appear'd, renown'd
From *Hercules*, if Fame informs us right;
And o'er againſt, divine *Lacinia*'s Temple
Lifts up its Lofty Head; *Caulonian* Tow'rs,
And *Scylacæum*, infamous for Wracks.

Far off at Sea we ſee *Sicilian Ætna*,
And hear the Billows roar, which beat the Rocks
With horrid Noiſe, and break upon the Shore,
While ſwelling Waves raiſe up the troubled Sand.
Then ſage *Anchiſes* ſays, "This ſure muſt be
"*Charybdis*; *Helenus* theſe Rocks foretold,
"And warn'd us to avoid theſe dreadful Shelves:
"Sheer off, my Mates, and ſtoutly ply your Oars.
With prompt Conſent his Orders all obey;
Firſt *Palinurus* turns his creaking Prow,
And to the Left Hand plies; then all the reſt
The Left Hand Courſe with Oars and Sails purſue.
Sometimes a winding Whirlpool throws us up
As high as Heav'n; ſometimes as low as Hell

We

We ſink in yielding Waves: A dreadful Noiſe
Thrice roar'd from hollow Caves in neighb'ring Rocks;
Thrice were the foaming Billows daſh'd aloft,
And mingled Waters with the dripping Sky.
Now tir'd, the Wind forſakes us, and the Sun;
And blindly we *Cyclopian* Coaſts approach,
Not knowing how to ſteer: The Port it ſelf
Is vaſtly large, and undiſturb'd by Winds.
But near it *Ætna* with a thund'ring Noiſe
Spreads round its dreadful Ruins; Whirlwind-like,
It ſometimes throws a ſable Cloud to Heav'n,
Compos'd of pitchy Smoak and glowing Fire;
Or ſcares with flaming Globes the neighb'ring Stars.
Sometimes it vomits up a broken Rock,
The Mountains ſhatter'd Entrails; melted Stones
With horrid Roar fly through the troubled Air,
Which from its boiling Center bubbling riſe.
Enceladus ('tis ſaid) half burnt with Lightning,
Was thrown beneath this Maſs, and bears the Weight

Of

Of pond'rous *Ætna*, belching ſulph'rous Flames
Through various Op'nings; and whene'er he turns
And ſhifts his weary Side, ſtrange Groans are heard,
And all *Trinacria* ſhakes; while Clouds of Smoak
With ſolid Darkneſs intercept the Sky.
That Night repoſing in a Wood, we heard
Prodigious frightful Sounds; nor could we gueſs
From whence the Noiſes came: No Star appear'd,
No clear unclouded Sky; but dreary Night
Obſcur'd the Heavens, and with unfriendly Miſts
Eclips'd the Light of *Cynthia*'s pallid Beams.

And now the Morning Star brought on the Day,
And bright *Aurora* from th'Horizon drove
The humid Shades of Night; when from the Woods
We ſee a Stranger come, whoſe tatter'd Clothes
And famiſh'd Cheeks proclaim'd his deep Diſtreſs,
Outſtretching tow'rds the Shore his ſuppliant Hands:
How ſordidly he look'd! with dangling Beard,
And Garments pinn'd with Thorns; but all the reſt

Of Expreſs'd

Expreſs'd the *Grecian*: Sent he was to *Troy*,
And fought againſt it in his Country's Quarrel.
Soon as he ſaw our *Trojan* Dreſs and Arms,
A while he halted, at the Sight diſmay'd;
Then tow'rds the Shore with eager haſte he ran,
And thus with Tears beſought us: "By the Stars,
"By all the heav'nly Pow'rs, by yon bright Sun,
"Whoſe Influence gives us Life; remove me hence,
"O *Trojans*, I conjure you; this alone
"Is all I beg: I own my ſelf a *Grecian*;
"One of that hoſtile Fleet which came to ſack
"The *Ilian* Tow'rs: for which if my Offence
"Admit no Pardon, caſt me to the Waves,
"And plunge me in the Deep: If I but fall
"By Hands of Men, I then ſhall fall contented.
He ſpake, and graſp'd, and hung upon our Knees
In humbleſt Poſture: We demand his Name,
His Birth, and what ill Fortune now purſues him.
The good *Anchiſes* then without delay
His Hand, the ſolemn Pledge of Safety, gives;

This rais'd his Spirits; now devoid of Fear,
His melancholy Story thus he tells:
My Place of Birth was *Ithaca*, my Name
Is *Achemenides*; to *Troy* I went
Companion to *Laertes'* wretched Son;
And *Adamantus* left, my aged Sire,
Oppreſs'd with Poverty; and O that I
Had in that humble Station ſtill remain'd!
My ſcar'd Companions, haſt'ning to get off
From theſe inhuman Coaſts, left me behind
Forgetful, in the *Cyclops* ſpacious Den:
The Cave is dark within, of vaſt Extent,
O'erſpread with human Gore and mangled Limbs:
He wond'rous tall, you'ld think he touch'd the Stars,
(O free the World, ye Gods, from ſuch a Plague!)
Nor ſafely ſeen, nor talk'd to with delight,
Devours the Entrails warm of ſlaughter'd Wretches
And ſucks their clotted Blood: I ſaw my ſelf
Two of our Gang ſeiz'd by his monſt'rous Hand,

" (As he within his Cave extended lay,)
" And daſh'd againſt the Rock, whoſe Sides were
ſtain'd
" With guſhing Blood: I ſaw him eat their Fleſh
" Beſmear'd with filthy Gore; their half-dead Limbs
" Quiv'ring between his Teeth. Yet unreveng'd
" They dy'd not; for *Ulyſſes* could not bear
" The cruel Sight, nor in the midſt of Danger
" Did *Ithacus* his wonted Prudence loſe.
" For when full gorg'd with Food, and drown'd in
Drink,
" Th'unweildy Gyant bow'd his nodding Head,
" And ſtretch'd at length lay ſnoring in his Den;
" Whilſt in his Sleep he belch'd out human Gore,
" And bloody Gobbets, mix'd with Streams of Wine;
" We firſt invoke th'Almighty Pow'rs, and take
" Our deſtin'd Poſts, and all around him throng;
" Then with a ſharp'ned Stake bore out his Eye,
" Which in the grizly Monſter's horrid Front
" Was ſingly plac'd, large as a *Grecian* Shield,

" Or

" Or that bright Planet's Orb which gilds the Day:
" Thus we with Joy reveng'd our murther'd Friends.
" But fly from hence, unhappy Wretches, fly;
" Your Cables cut, and haſten from the Shore;
" For like to *Polyphemus*, who ſhuts up
" His fleecy Flocks, and milks them in his Den;
" Such, and ſo tall, a hundred *Cyclops* more
" Of monſt'rous Bulk, along the winding Coaſt
" Inhabit, and frequent the neighb'ring Hills.
" Three times the Moon has fill'd her Horns with Light,
Since I, in Woods, or Caves, or Dens of Beaſts,
Have dragg'd a tedious Life; and from ſome Rock
Have ſeen th'amazing Sight, and heard with Fear
Their noiſy trampling, and their frightful Voice:
The Woods afford me Food; the ſtony Fruit
Of Cornels wild, and Berries, and the Roots
And Leaves of Plants: Whilſt all around I look'd,
I ſaw this Fleet approaching tow'rds the Shore;
Strait I determin'd, whencefoe'er it came,

"To throw my ſelf upon it; 'tis enough,
"If I can from this barb'rous Place eſcape:
"O! take me hence, tho' Death with Torments wait me!

Scarce had he ſpoke, when on the Mountain's Top
We ſaw the Shepherd *Polyphemus* drive
His downy Flock: Prodigious was his Bulk,
And tow'rds the Shore with ſpacious Strides he mov'd;
A Monſter dire! deform'd! immenſe! and blind!
His Staff a Pine's large Trunk, to guide his Steps;
His Sheep his Company, his ſole Delight,
And Solace of his Grief; his tuneful Pipe
Hung from his Neck. No ſooner had he touch'd
The deeper Waves, but from his bor'd-out Eye
He waſh'd the ſtreaming Blood, and gnaſh'd his Teeth
For Rage and Anguiſh: Thro' Mid-ſea then ſtalk'd
Which ſcarce could reach his Waſte. We ſtrait pre-
pare

To fly from thence in haſte, half-dead with Fear;
And take our well-deſerving Suppliant with us.
We cut the Ropes in Silence, bend our Bodies
Down to our Oars, and vie who faſteſt rows.
He heard our parting Stroaks, and tow'rds the Noiſe,
His eager Footſteps bent; but when he found
Our Veſſels out of reach, and that 'twere vain
T'attempt to wade the vaſt *Ionian* Flood;
A hideous Yell he rais'd; at which the Sea,
And all th'*Italian* Shore with Horrour ſhook;
Whilſt *Ætna*'s Caverns eccho'd back the Roar.
The whole *Cyclopean* Race at this Alarm
Ruſh from the Woods and Hills, and tow'rds the Port
Direct their Courſe, and cover all the Shore.
We ſaw th' *Ætnean* Brethren met in vain,
With dreadful Looks, and Heads that brav'd the Skies,
Holding a horrid Council: Such they ſeem'd,
As tow'ring Oaks, or Pines with ſpiral Fruit,

Jove's lofty Wood, or chaſte *Diana*'s Grove.
Prevailing Fear perſwades, to ſpread our Sails
For any Coaſt, where-e'er the Wind blows fair.
But *Helenus* advis'd, to ſhun the Stream
Which near to *Scylla* and *Charybdis* runs,
Between them both, and threatens certain Death;
We therefore tack about; a Northern Gale
Blows from *Pelorum*'s Point, and drives us on
Beyond *Pantagia*, flank'd with rugged Rocks,
The Bay of *Megaros*, and humble *Thapſus*:
Theſe Names from *Achæmenides* we learn'd,
Companion of unhappy *Ithacus*;
As backwards he reviſited with us
The Coaſts he paſs'd before. Within the Bay
Of fruitful *Sicily*, and juſt oppos'd
To watry *Plemmyris*, an Iſland lies
In antient Times *Ortygia* call'd; 'tis ſaid,
Alpheus hither from his native *Elis*,
A private Channel found beneath the Sea;
And now with *Arethuſa* mingles Streams,

A fam'd *Sicilian* River: Here again
We pay juſt Honours to the Guardian Gods:
Then ſail beyond the fertile Soil, that lies
By Lake *Helorus*; and from thence paſs on
To rough *Pachynum*'s lofty Cliffs, and Rocks
Advancing far to Sea: At diſtance now,
The *Camarinian* Marſh, whoſe Store to move
The *Delphian* God forbad; *Geloan* Fields,
And ſtately *Gela*, with the neighb'ring Stream,
That bears one common Name, appear in view.
Then lofty *Agragas* diſplays from far
Its ſpacious Walls; fam'd formerly for Breed
Of gen'rous Horſes: With a proſp'rous Gale
We leave *Salinus* and its Palms behind;
Then coaſt along the Shelves and hidden Rocks
Of *Lilybæum*; laſt the diſmal Port
Of *Drepanus* receives me. Here, alas!
After ſo many Storms ſuſtain'd at Sea,
I loſe my Sire *Anchiſes!* him that was
My chief Support in all my Toils and Travels!

Thou

Thou beſt of Fathers! Here didſt thou forſake
Thy ſolitary Son! alas! in vain
From Dangers ſnatch'd ſo num'rous and ſo great!
The Prophet *Helenus* foretold not This,
Though many frightful Evils he declar'd;
Nor dire *Celæno* menac'd this Misfortune.
Here did my Wand'rings end; I finiſh'd here
My tedious Voyage; and ſome fav'ring God
Thence guided me to *Carthage* and to you.

Thus did the Prince, with due Attention heard
Unfold the Fates Decrees, and tell the Queen
His ſev'ral Stages: And concluding thus
Th' important Story, went to needful Reſt.

The End of the Third BOOK.

NOTES
ON THE
THIRD BOOK.

VER. 75. *That makes his Gold his God.*] I cannot fall in with the Opinion of thoſe, who would make *ſacra* in the Original to ſtand for *execranda*, and ſo to ſignify *deteſtable*: It is a Force which I think the Word will not bear, eſpecially when uſed by ſo correct an Author, whoſe great Excellency is his *Diction*. I therefore chuſe to make *Gold* the Covetous Man's Idol, and then his Appetite towards it may probably be called *ſacred*.

Ver. 97. *To Sea-born* Doris.] She was the Mother of the Sea-Nymphs, called *Nereides*, whom ſhe had by her Brother *Nereus*.

Ver. 98. *Tho' floating long before.*] The Iſland *Delos* was ſaid to move among the neighbouring Iſlands; till it offer'd

offer'd it ſelf to *Latona*, who wanted a Place in which ſhe might lay down her great Belly; for which Reaſon her Son *Phœbus* [or *Apollo*] made it immoveable.

Ver. 224. *A Place there is.*] Theſe 5 Lines are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the *Firſt Book*, in *Ilioneus*'s Speech to *Dido*: and it is an Imitation of *Homer*'s Way, who frequently repeats the ſame Expreſſions.

Ver. 245. *And double Line.*] One derived from *Teucer*, who ſettled at *Crete*, the other from *Dardanus*, who came from *Italy*.

Ver. 284. *Of rav'nous Harpies.*] Theſe were the Daughters of the Sea, who were ſent to puniſh *Phineus* the King of *Arcadia*, for putting out the Eyes of his firſt Wife's Children, by means of their Stepmother. *Calais* and *Zethes*, the Sons of *Boreas*, drove them away from his Houſe and Table, where they us'd to devour and pollute the Meat.

Ver. 427. *Daughter of* Priam.] *Polyxena*, who was ſacrificed upon the Tomb of *Achilles*, by his Son *Pyrrhus*, in revenge of his Father's Death; who was ſlain by *Paris*, at *Achilles*'s intended Nuptials with *Polyxena*.

Ver. 439. *But when* Oreſtes, &c.] He was the Son of *Agamemnon* and *Clytemneſtra*; who having ſlain his Mother for being acceſſary to the Murther of his Father, was ſaid to be purſued by *Furies*. He killed *Pyrrhus* at the Altar, for endeavouring to deprive him of his Miſtreſs *Hermione*, whom he afterwards married.

Ver. 451. *Both yours and* Troy's *Delight.*] The Verſe being left imperfect, leaves Liberty to give it what Senſe we pleaſe. I ſubmit my Conjecture to my Readers.

Ver. 615. *Mean while* Anchiſes, &c.] It is very obſervable throughout this whole Book, how great a Deference is paid by *Æneas* to his *Father*, whom he ſuffers to command and govern in all Caſes; by which (as well as his *Reverence* of the *Gods*) he fully keeps up the Character of *Pius*.

Ver.

Ver. 877. *Th' Ætnean Brethren.*] These were the *Cyclopes*, which were monstrous Gyants with one Eye in the Middle of the Forehead; they were wont to devour such Strangers as they caught, and are said by our Author to reside near *Ætna*, a burning Mountain in *Sicily*.

Ver. 908. *The* Delphian *God forbad.*] The *Camarinian Lake* growing dry, a Plague was occasioned by the Stench of it; upon which the Oracle was consulted, whether they should quite empty it, and they were commanded not to do it; notwithstanding which they ventured on it: By which means the Plague was staid; but the City was taken soon after, by the Enemies passing over the dried up Lake.

ERRATA.

Book 3. Line 226. for *Notrians* read *OEnotrians.*
Line 441. for *attach'd* read *attack'd.*

Ver. 877. *Th' Ethican Barbaren.*] These were the Cyclopes, which were monstrous Gyants with one Eye in the Middle of the Forehead; they were wont to devour such Strangers as they taught, and are said by our Author to reside near *Ætna*, a burning Mountain in *Sicily*.

Ver. 908. *The Delphian God forbad.*] The *Camarinian Lake* growing dry, a Plague was occasioned by the Stench of it; upon which the Oracle was consulted, whether they should quite empty it, and they were commanded not to do it; notwithstanding which they ventured on it: By which means the Plague was staid; but the City was taken soon after, by the Enemies passing over the dried up Lake.

ERRATA.

Book 3. Line 225. for *Nerrinus* read *Cæcerinus*,
Line 441. for *mach'd* read *mach'd*.